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(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Education Reform.* By T. Wyse, Esq., M.P.  
Vol. I. 8vo. Longman.

THERE is no object of national policy which can be compared in importance with that of National Education. We may project improvements in the social edifice, but if we neglect the foundation, can the structure be permanent? The subject, however, is as vast as it is important—its full investigation would require almost as many volumes as we have columns to spare for its consideration—and even then it is doubtful whether the service most wanting would be efficiently performed. We should perhaps, from habit, dwell on the speculative, rather than the practical, and reason with the philosopher, when our whole energies ought to be directed to arousing the people. It is not so much against hostility, as apathy, that we have to struggle. That a good system of National Education is desirable, no one now ventures to deny; but unfortunately few consider it a duty to aid in effecting what all so readily grant to be desirable. As Mr. Wyse truly observes, "The minister waits for the country, and the country waits for the minister; each fearing to go first—both, it seems, have come to a sort of tacit agreement to stand still." But while they are motionless, time is not; every hour carries other nations forward in their intellectual career, while in this country it only adds to the vast amount of evil which has already resulted from our uncorrected anomalies and abuses. Young England and Young Ireland are fast escaping from our hands; the opportunity of moulding the character of a whole generation is passing away—we are trusting the future destinies of our country to chance; or rather to the moral certainty that they shall be less bright and less flourishing than it is in our power to make them.

The question is not, as is usually stated, between education and no education; for every human being is more or less educated—that is to say, derives from others habits of thought, and principles of action; and the question is truly between a good education and a bad one. If writers on the subject had kept this steadily in view, the public mind would not have been diverted from the point at issue by the statistical paradoxes which have been put forth in other countries—reading and writing are no more education, than a hammer and saw are cabinet-making; they are mere instruments, capable of being applied to good or evil purposes, and the design of education is to teach their proper use. But it must not be forgotten, that he who cannot read, will learn a speech or a song as well as he who can—and that he who cannot write, can fire a corn-rick.

Archbishop Sharpe once replied to a lady who objected to giving children religious instruction until they reached the years of discretion,—"Madam, if we do not teach them, the Devil will;" and we may be assured, that if we do not educate the rising generation, others will—and the Newgate Calendar gives sufficient proof of their ability. The juvenile thief is highly educated—so is the pickpocket, so is the incendiary, so are the poacher and the housebreaker. These people are always among the shrewdest and cleverest fellows of their class—first-form boys without exception. Are the public then so

satisfied with the results of this system of instruction, that they have resolved to leave the youth of the country to these volunteer instructors?—We presume not: yet it is to the apathy of this same public, that these apostles of mischief are indebted for their success; it is their negligence that has led to the founding of these preparatory schools for the College of Newgate, and the decrees conferred at the Old Bailey.

It is too late then to be inquiring whether education be useful or not; every human being is and must be educated:—the question is whether it be desirable to close schools which are dens of vice, and open others for teaching the duties of citizens and subjects. If the latter be few, the former will abound. Legislative enactments cannot alter human nature: if we do not plant good seed in the fallow ground, assuredly there will be a goodly crop of weeds; and to hope to check their growth by penal laws, is about as wise as to legislate for the whirlwinds.

It may be said that much has been done already; that we have some dozens of societies for promoting education, and some thousands of charitable institutions established for the same object. But to say nothing of the jobbing to which all societies are open, and the abuses to which all charities are liable, it may very fairly be answered, that the amount of what has hitherto been done is just nothing, or worse than nothing. We usually begin our system of good education, when the system of bad education has already taken firm grasp on the mind. To undo is a far more difficult task than to do—yet we attempt this with imperfect instruments, though it would be difficult of accomplishment with the most perfect: failures, therefore, are inevitable—yet when they occur, people console themselves that the end was unattainable, and pour out invectives against education and human nature, instead of reproaching themselves for their own ignorance and indolence. We multiply schools, and point to statistical returns of the numbers of masters and pupils; but we forget to ask what are the qualifications of the masters, and how are the pupils taught. If the schools are bad,—and that too many of them are so, the reports of the Manchester Statistical Society establish beyond doubt,—then their multiplication is but an increase of evil; their numbers a source of shame rather than pride—and the parade of figures serves no purpose but that of deception.

But if our Educational Societies and Institutions were ever so well managed, still their efforts would only be isolated, and therefore imperfect and inefficient. An agriculturist anxious to improve his estate, does not cultivate one field to the utmost, and leave all around overgrown with thistles and darnels: should he do so, he would soon find that the favourite spot was sadly damaged by the neglected vicinage, while that derived no benefit from its approximation to culture. Yet we act, in reference to education, on a precisely similar plan, and blame nature for the necessary consequences of our folly. Nay, more, an uneducated population brought into immediate contact with an instructed population, must deteriorate physically, and therefore morally: the man who possesses knowledge, however small, will be sure of a better price in the market, than the wholly ignorant; and the latter, beaten at every attempt at

competition, without knowing the cause, will of necessity have recourse to that which our present forms alone concede to him—violence and combination. The whole history of sticks and strikes is a simple account of the struggle between intelligence and ignorance: knowledge, to be sure, eventually gains the victory, but at a ruinous expense of suffering, for which those who have perpetuated the ignorance ought to be responsible. There have been philosophers who decried civilization—there are politicians who declaim against the diffusion of knowledge—they forget that civilization and knowledge to be beneficial must be universal: they do not, or they will not, discover that the civilized and the informed will exercise their power, and that those deprived of such advantages must continually sink to the point where destitution drives them to the last resource—physical strength. It is needless to offer proof that in a community where one portion is educated by teachers qualified to form good and industrious citizens, while the other is handed over for instruction to Professors Swing and Rock, there must exist a disruption of the social system, frightfully prolific in incentives to crime.

But these Societies and Institutions are injurious in another respect; they furnish excuses for indolence, they help to hide from our view evils which they scarcely alleviate, although they pretend to cure. "Why should we look for a national system of education?" exclaims a philanthropist, "see what good is done by the Society to which I subscribe, and the Institution of which I am a member." We reply, that the point at issue is the benefit of the entire community, not of the number of individuals that may come within the sphere of any Society's operations: and we say further, that his system, however perfect in theory, has the greatest of all wants in practice; it wants authority, and until that can be obtained for it, there can be no tangible proof of its excellence, and no prospect of its general success. There is a second want consequent on the preceding, which is the bane of every charitable institution; there is no responsibility, no adequate check on abuse, no punishment whatever for misconduct. The wisdom of the old proverb, "what is everybody's business is nobody's," never appears so strongly as in the history of a charity school; we have examined many, and can aver from our own experience, that nowhere are acknowledged abuses so tamely borne and so slowly remedied.

There are many who say, that education should be regulated by the principles of free trade; that the supply should not be brought into the market until it is required by the demand; and that the consumers should be allowed to form their own estimate of the value of the article. This is one of the many errors that arise from generalizing too rapidly; there is a very remote analogy between the education market and other markets, because our moral wants are not regulated like our physical. Neither has it been found convenient to banish the directive interference of Government from all branches of commerce: the adequacy of weights and measures is tested by a competent authority; no one proposes that it should be left to the choice or chance of consumers to discover the tradesman that uses the heaviest pound or the most capacious gallon. Government interferes before experience, because

this is a case in which fraud is easy, and detection difficult,—because the injured may be for years without discovering their wrong, and even be unable to estimate its amount. Again, there is a legal stamp to determine the standard purity of plate; we do not say, let trade in gold and silver have their free course, and let purchasers discover, as best they may, what is the quantity of alloy that each vender chooses to mix up in his article. The apothecary, too, must establish his competency before he can venture to compound medicines, and the surgeon undergo an examination before he is permitted to dress a wound or set a limb. Does any man in his senses object to these directive and guiding interferences? Yet there is far more reason for a directive interference in education, than in any of the cases which we have referred to. In our schools the false weights and measures are used systematically—the base metal is not only mixed with the pure bullion, but substituted for it—the deleterious drug is vended for the healing medicine, and the incompetent professor aggravates the disease he is summoned to cure. In education these evils are more difficult of detection, and more mischievous in their consequences, than in any other trade or profession: as the new cask retains most permanently the flavour of the first liquor poured into it, so do first impressions produce the most enduring effects on the human mind.

There are those who look upon every novelty with alarm, who regard every innovation as fraught with danger to existing institutions; but we propose no novelty, we recommend no innovation. Education is nothing new; every man has been educated by precept and example—

Since first in woods the noble savage ran;—  
he has now come out of the woods, and we merely propose, that his present education should be suited to the present circumstances of his existence. Neither is the directive interference of Government an innovation; it is sanctioned by the example of Austria, Prussia, France, and America;—nay more, it is the resumption of an abandoned duty, for the trust was delegated by the State to the Church, and as circumstances sufficiently obvious render it impossible for the Church to execute the duty, the State is bound to resume its power.

Another, and a far more important class of objections, arises from the dislike generally, and not unjustly, felt against a system of centralization, and the increase of government patronage. It is the just boast of England, that her most valuable improvements, her bridges, her canals, and her railroads, are the works of the people, not of the rulers; many of them have been executed, not by the aid of power, but in despite of it. While in France, the Government intermeddles with everything, and directs even the basket of broken stones that is to mend a country road, Englishmen have brought into operation a system of self-government, whose practical results cannot be viewed without admiration. We are well aware of the advantages of self-government; we share the national dislike to absolute centralization; but we have described the kind of interference necessary in England—it must be Directive, not Executive; so far from requiring the people to do nothing, it must stimulate them to exertion; it should require in all and every part of its proceedings their active and zealous co-operation. Nor is this combination of the government and people in effecting a great public object, a novelty in England; we see examples of it every day, in our Public Works, our Police, our Charitable Institutions, and more signally in the new Board of Poor Law Commissioners. There cannot be a doubt, that directing rulers and a working people would form an effective and harmonious union in the

great business of national education, as they have done in countless instances of far less importance. We see no force in the objection to the increase of government power or patronage; this is the day of responsibility, not prerogative; were such increase great, which we doubt, still it would be only an enlargement of the efficiency of those organs and instruments, by which the people work out their own good. Besides, where the Directive Principle alone belongs to the government, where the Executive is, as it ought to be, confided to the people, every action of the rulers will be subjected to popular control, and abuses will be instantly corrected, if their occurrence be not rendered a moral impossibility.

We need not dwell at any length on the comparative results of the Directive, and the Voluntary or Chance principle of Education: between these our choice must be made; and we fain would hope, that the simple statement of the question is sufficient to ensure a correct decision. We have tried the Chance principle long enough, and have found, by bitter experience, that it has made the English system of education, if anything so disorganized can be called a system—about the most expensive and inefficient in any country, which has the slightest pretensions to civilization. Change for the worse we cannot: why then do we hesitate to adopt a principle supported by argument, and confirmed by all experience? In such a case apathy is worse than hostility; we yield quiet possession to the enemy, until he has so entrenched himself in his positions, that the attempt to dislodge him becomes almost hopeless.

We do not enter on the important consideration what would be the best code for education; first let it be recognized that education is wanting, and then we shall be ready to discuss the form. To investigate the comparative merits of regulations for the management of schools and teachers, might and probably would lead to the fatal error that the matter exists, and that we have only to inquire about the manner. This would be a great and common mistake; and we cannot but fear, that the discussions on education during the last few years have led many to imagine, that the country has already done a great deal, when in fact it has done nothing. The want of a national education is, we fear, even now rather acknowledged than felt; it is the subject of idle credence, not living faith, and the object of philanthropists should be to change inoperative opinion into vigorous principle—to show that the subject is not speculative, but practical—that it is one in which every Englishman has a direct and a personal interest.

We have read Mr. Wyse's volume with great pleasure; it is the production of a man who unites the character of a statesman with that of a philosopher—who has corrected theory by practice, and tested the results of thought by experience and observation. He has long been a zealous labourer in the cause of National Education: he has not been daunted by the coldness of the many, or the enmity of the few; and much of the interest which the subject excites, is due to his unremitting exertions. But before his work can produce the effect designed by the able and benevolent author, it is necessary that there should be a thorough conviction in the public mind of the necessity of reform, and, in the words of his motto, "less than thorough reform will not do;" in considering its nature, the public cannot have a more able or intelligent guide than Mr. Wyse.

Education of some sort, we have shown, is inevitable; the public therefore have only to determine whether it shall be good or evil: and we take leave of the subject in the words of one of the first and best of popular advocates—John Milton—"Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are the

governors—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and discerning spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse; not beneath the reach of any point, the highest that human capacity can soar to. *What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soul, but wit and faithful labourers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?*

*German Life*—[*Berlin wie es ist und—trinkt, Leipzig wie es, &c.; München, &c.*] Berlin, Bechtold; London, Black & Armstrong.

We have before us a parcel of tiny volumes, which have been issued in numbers, at the two royal residences, Berlin and Munich, at Leipzig of University and Fair renown, and at the formerly Free-Imperial as well as commercial Nuremberg, designed to illustrate the manner and condition of some parts of the population of those four towns. These sketches appear to be written by the respective compatriots of the classes laughed at, and not by foreigners, as the Berliners, Munichers, &c. reciprocally consider each other. As literary productions these sketches are worth nothing; but a few translations from them may afford the English reader pictures of these several towns different from, and thus complementary of, those he is accustomed to find in books of travels. Having mentioned the very local character of German patriotism, we will extract an illustration of it from 'Munich as it drinks and is, and laughs and kisses.'

A young and captivating pupil in a millinery establishment in the S— Street, asked her mistress, "Pray, Madame, can you tell me whether the porcelain painter, who shot poor Juleri [the southern form of Julia] by the Hesseleho, is a foreigner or a child of Munich?" "As far as I know," returned Madame, "he is a Saxon." "A foreigner, is he? then I no longer take it so ill of Juleri, for if I were to let any one shoot me, it must needs be a foreigner. No born Municher should ever dare to use me so!"

Part of the joke of this anecdote turns upon the milliner's Munich dialect, which is nearly as unintelligible to a mere German scholar, as broad Scotch is to a foreign adept in English. As the Munich sketch is now in our hand, we will add from it the picture of one of the suburbs, which we think somewhat peculiar and original.

The Au (the name of this Munich suburb) is distinguished by sundry interesting and rare peculiarities; as, for instance, that many denizens of this suburb cannot be properly called either householders or lodgers. The houses are divided into several very confined residences, usually consisting of a bed-room, sitting-room, and small kitchen. But the occupants of these tenements are the joint owners of the house, and bear in common all the expenses incident to proprietorship, as repairs of the roof, and the like.

The bulk of the inhabitants of the Au belong to the poorer,—even to the poorest portion of our population. They are bricklayers, carpenters, petty artificers, washermen, and day labourers. In summer the rising sun finds all these a-foot. The fathers of families, with their wives and elder children, betake themselves to the town, there to work for day-wages until evening; the younger children are sent to school, where they likewise remain until evening, getting a dinner of broth and bread, whilst the infants are deposited in the newly-established *Klein-Kinder-Bewahr-Anstalt*, (literally, Little-Children-Preservation-Institution,—*Anglice*, Infant School). The only refreshment that the hard-working Auers allow themselves during their whole day of town labour, consists of a jug of beer, a piece of bread, and a couple of enormous radishes at noon; upon this more than frugal repast they work until late in the evening. At length the dear, the impatiently-expected hour of release from toil strikes. The Auers return to their homes. In the streets, and upon the bridges that lead Au-ward, is seen an indescribable, not uninteresting, human throng; and the streets and houses of the suburb, so desolate and deserted during the day, are all alive. The Auers now enjoy their

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one principal meal, which, however, consists of little else than huge dishes of smoking potatoes.

The Auers are generally well-built, able-bodied men, with not disagreeable countenances, full of self-reliance, and often proud. They are distinguished by strong, plain sense, and sharp mother-wit; and, having always been remarkably brave, they are highly esteemed as soldiers, although somewhat addicted to excess, especially in an enemy's country. \* \* The Auer passionately loves his fatherland, but yet more passionately the suburb where his eyes first opened on the day; and the most remote hint of disrespect towards his native Au, will enrage, almost to madness, the mildest of Auers. I last summer visited a much-frequented, mountain watering-place, where, amongst the bathers of the inferior classes, I found an Auer, who, as an exception to the rule, was a little, slight-made, civil manikin. This Auer chanced one evening to enter an ale-house, the habitual resort of the coachmen and lackeys of the wealthier bathers. Our hero, as an independent burgher of the Au, held himself above associating with hired menials. This assumption of superiority offended the company, who began to taunt, jeer, and crack jokes upon the would-be-Grandee bather. He sat unmoved, and, with lion-like pride, looked down contemptuously upon his foes. At length they sneered at the Auers collectively, and now they had found the little man's weak side. He started up in a fury, shouting at the top of his voice, and in the Bavarian dialect, (let the reader fancy Yorkshire, or the brogue), "The Auers are honest folks, and bold Bavarians; that will I maintain, I alone, against any ten of you, though ye should kill me." This had nearly been the case, for although, in the unequal skirmish that ensued, our slender Auer fought stoutly against the odds, the robust coachmen made terrible work with the little man. Next day I asked him, "How could you think of attacking such numbers? You may think yourself in luck that you were not killed." To which our hero coolly replied, "And if they had killed me, the lubbers, I should have fallen in the cause of my country, and for the honour of the Au." \* \* \*

The chief faults of the Auers are unbounded levity and intemperance. The winter is a season of misery to most of them. Their earnings in the town cease as the course of building comes to a stand; few have thought of laying by any part of their summer gains, and most families suffer dreadfully. They make what shift they can, by begging, borrowing, starving, and killing fat dogs, which they know how to get cheap. [We grievously fear that the *honest* Auers steal the pampered lap-dogs of the Munich old maids.] Necessity is the mother of invention, and assuredly the Auers are a speculative people. But, occasionally, to drink to complete intoxication, is to them an actual necessary of life. I have seen drunken sailors at Hamburg, drunken blackguards at Berlin, but what are they to a drunken Auer! \* \* \*

A very peculiar ball is held by the Auers on a certain Tuesday of every year, in the Neudecker Garten; it is called, characteristically enough, the Beggar-dance, and one of its rules is, that the ladies treat their beaux. The best of the joke, however, is, that the Beggars, fearful of their condition being mistaken, assume upon this occasion a masquerade beggar's garb. It is easy to conceive how clean and tidy must be their costume.

We must not leave the Au without mentioning that it supports a theatre of its own, for pieces such as Tom-and-Jerry, or of a yet lower description, in which theatre a judicious manager, one Lorenzoni, made a handsome fortune, and afterwards founded a poor-house, which still bears his name. Since Lorenzoni's time, a more ambitious manager attempted the legitimate drama, and the theatre was well nigh ruined; but in the very crisis of its fate, a new production of its original, popular, not to say blackguard muse, entitled *Lumpacivagabundus*, (a compound word in the Munich dialect, meaning Rags, Tatters, and Vagabonds,) recalled its pristine prosperity.

† A public garden in the Au, containing trees of an hundred years growth, and frequented at other times by good company, for the purpose of feasting upon crabs and trout.

Turn we now to the intellectual North, where the first sketch we find in 'Berlin as it is, and drinks,' offers a happy pendant to the Munich Auers. Those who have not visited the Prussian capital, may be surprised to learn that its cold climate produces a race of Lazzaroni, who emulate the indolence and some of the out-of-door habits of their Neapolitan prototypes, and who are very faithfully sketched in the following picture:—

Whoever has strolled through the wide and handsome streets of the Prussian royal residence, must have noticed this comical nation,—i. e. the *Eckensteher*, (Street-corner-loungers), distinguished by their manners, their everlasting thirst, their laziness, their absolute indifference to everything that passes around them, coddling excepted, and by their sturdy wit. They are known to old and young by the name of *Eckensteher*, though jesters prefer calling them *Sonnen-braten*, (Sun-broils), because they will sit for hours in the sun, without other occupation than snuff-taking, or sleeping. \* \* Only Privy-Councillors—[our readers perhaps know that, in Germany, the wife bears her husband's professional designation thus feminized.]—Only Privy-Councillors, those ladies who, at Berlin, constitute a transition class between plebeianism and nobility, call them *Lazzaroni*, and do so for the sole and single reason that the word is foreign.† Such ladies of condition hate the German tongue, and, at most, use it as a thread with which to tack together various shreds and patches of Italian, French, and English. But we were speaking of more important matters, of Street-corner-loungers, not of would-be great ladies.

The dress of these street occupants is very simple and very ragged; their jacket is usually full of holes, and their legs are bare. \* \* They stand or sit at the corner of a street, not far distant from a brandy-shop. Their disposition is affable and sturdy; for ten or fifteen groshen (about a shilling or eighteenpence) they will bear anything. Their subsidiary avocations are moving furniture, linen, &c. on wheelbarrows of trucks, but their main business is idleness, dram-drinking, and fighting.

This last is their supreme pleasure. No holiday ends without a battle. They will sit in an evening in a miserable brandy-shop, smoking short pipes of indigenous tobacco, one leg thrown over the other, looking in each other's yellow, sunburnt faces, and either discussing the last *skrimmage*, of which many still bear the marks, or talking politics. In politics every Berliner is a master, and whether or not he knows the locality and condition of any country, or even the passing events of the day, boldly stakes his head upon the accuracy of his vaticinations touching peace or war. \* \* Should no fair cause of quarrel arise spontaneously, some one will catch at the most harmless word, as an occasion for calling the speaker *ox*, *ass*, or some other of the brute species. The *Eckensteher*, thus robbed of his human dignity, returns the compliment with interest; and when both parties have exhausted their stock of vituperation, they proceed to manual arguments. All present now join one side or the other, and a battle royal ensues, for which sticks are sought in every corner, legs are wrenched out of chairs and stools, and all manner of household implements, that never dreamt of participation in war, are converted into weapons. \* \* The battle over, our heroes cordially shake hands, and retire to rest, some at their homes, some in the watch-house. Next morning all are again lounging at their corners, breakfasting off a bit of bread, a slice of bacon, and copious draughts from the brandy-bottle, and pitying any one of their fraternity who, being unluckily hired for a job, is forced to toil.

We add a colloquy upon politics, from the many specimens of *Eckensteher* conversation given us. We will not swear that the satire may not have a more extensive application.

*Lukevsky*. Hark'ye, Bendemann, wilt do me a pleasure?

*Bendemann*. What is it?

*L*. Just be a liberal!

† We trust the courteous reader will not suspect us of being a Privy Councillor or a plural of Privy Councillors, because we used the familiar term *Lazzaroni*, as explanatory of the, to us equally foreign, *Eckensteher*.

*B*. But what is a liberal?

*L*. What is a liberal! Dost'n't know that? Only to think of such ignorance! To be a liberal is—is—is to be a liberal.

*B*. Oh, that's all, is it?

*L*. Now will be a liberal?

*B*. There's my hand upon it.

*L*. & *B*. Good day, Nudelwitz.—(To a third who approaches).

*Nudelwitz*. Good day.

*L*. Tell us what thou art.

*N*. How, what I am?

*L*. Ay, what are thy politics? I fear thou'rt a Servile.

*N*. A Servile? Yes.

*L*. (Giving him a box on the ear, which he returns.)—I should like to see that now! Mind, thou'rt not to be a Servile.

*N*. Why, what should I be?

*L*. A liberal. Wilt be a liberal?

*N*. A liberal? Good.

*L*. But art for freedom of the press?

*N*. No!

*L*. And thou Bendemann?

*B*. No!

*L*. Nor I neither, so let's go drink success to the liberals.

Upon opening 'Leipzig as it goes and stands, and lives and loves,' we looked for a sketch of the celebrated Fair, but find only one of the Sunday preceding it, which we shall extract, after reminding the reader that upon the continent, Lutherans, like Catholics, consider Sunday, after divine service, as a season of recreation as well as of rest.

Few Protestant towns can compete with Leipzig in Church music, and at this day's morning service in the Church of Saint Nicholas, the music was finer even than usual. Upon leaving the sacred edifice and its exquisite harmony, I found myself amidst the din of carts, carriages, street cries, and an infernal street-music, resounding from twenty different quarters at once. \* \* \*

After dinner all who pretend to elegance flock to the *Rosenthal* (rose-vale), that Alpha and Omega of Leipzig beauties of nature. Here they drink coffee (or grog, tea,—in short, any refined beverage, only not beer), laugh, chatter, listen to music, and smoke most abominably, till it is time to visit the theatre. Then the garden is gradually deserted by all but a few old stagers, and a few Leipzig wits, who remain smoking and drinking, till driven away by the coolness of the evening.

I quit the *Rosenthal* at four o'clock, and bend my steps to the *Ross-platz* (Horse Square), where, at this hour, the middle and lower orders seek amusement. Here booth adjoins booth! In the one a gigantic *ox* is to be seen, in another a wild man. A third exhibits a fat young lady, a fourth a dog from Portugal, never before shown in Europe! From the great *menagerie* resounds the roar of wild beasts; opposite, tame Dutchwomen bake the best possible wafers. Puppet shows, theatres for dogs and monkeys, rope dancers, equestrian artists, raree-shows, panoramas, gaming-tables, fortune-tellers, hurdy-gurdies, and Bohemian musicians, abound. But who can reckon the booths for drams, beer, sausages, gingerbread, and pickled cucumbers? The quantity eaten and drunk during the three Fair-weeks, is quite beyond computation; nor is there any one moment of the whole period, at which persons overcome with liquor are not to be found here. The only rivals of the eating and drinking booths are the wax-work exhibitions. The *Leipziger* passes by the most splendid Panoramas, Dioramas, Cosmoramas, the rarest *menageries*; but those perverted Biblical representations, ridiculously misrepresented by distorted, coarse-like, wax dolls, fix his admiration for hours, giving rise to gross remarks. Even the higher classes betray something of this false taste.

The *Ross-platz* attains to its highest glory from 9 to 10 o'clock at night. Then it is often impossible to penetrate the human mass condensed before a favourite booth. All is pushing, punching, trampling, crushing. At this hour the male portion of the fine world repair hither to enjoy the scene *incognito*; the genteel Dutch booth affording, in case of need, a place of refuge and refreshment.

Here and there may be seen an elegant nymph—her eyes rove anxiously around—she has, it should seem, lost her party. If you offer your assistance the distressed beauty clings to your protecting arm. There I see two youths apparently quarrelling about such an errand damsel; but luckily they bethink them of a resource. They enter a gambling booth, and the dice decide which shall have the honour of escorting the lady.

But we must not end with the day before the Fair, though that be better than the day after. We will transport our readers to a rural fair at Taucha, about six miles from Leipzig, and the resort of its fashionables. We will suppose all the hubbub already described in the *Ross-platz* transferred to Taucha, and there take up the description.

This uproar resounds uninterruptedly, so long as the fair lasts. Where one hoarse voice dies away, ten Stentorian voices begin in its stead. The creaking of carriage wheels,—which not having been calculated for leaping and bounding in double quick time, momentarily threaten to break upon the unfathomable pavement,—increases the infernal din; yet not the finest fine lady of Leipzig faints away, or is seized with spasms, or falls into fits, as a Berlin *elegante* indisputably would.

The Leipzig ladies occupy the best rooms of the most respectable inhabitants of Taucha, amongst whom the apothecary shines pre-eminent, receiving the best company. There they sit, laughing, prattling, jesting, drinking coffee; thence they occasionally sallies into the High Street, the better to see the wild hurly-burly of extravagant sport.

Extravagant enough these sports in truth are! Students, apprentices, tradesmen, lawyers, parade the fair, wearing tow wigs, or grenadier caps, gold-paper epaulettes, gigantic spectacles, and waving paper banners inscribed with the words, *Vivat Taucha und Deutschland* (Taucha and Germany for ever)!

See the students march by the apothecary's house, where the *Bürgermeister* (Mayor) of Leipzig is known to be. A hurrah! which might rouse the stones of the street pavement from their deep grave, and topple down the chimneys, makes the welkin ring! The Mayor, smiling though embarrassed, appears at the street door, where a thundering, thrice repeated *Vivat!* from three hundred well-practised student-throats, welcomes him. He returns thanks, attempts a speech, breaks down, and at length retreats in evident emotion. Another *Vivat* attends him into the house.

Five o'clock strikes! The nobility begin to think of retiring. One more stroll through the fair—then the carriages drive to the doors, and their owners take leave. The sons of the Muses post themselves at the town gate. Every Professor, every municipal Councillor, every beauty, is greeted with a *Vivat!* But the justly admired actress W— usually receives as many *Vivats* as the body of Professors, the whole Municipal Council, and all the other Leipzig beauties together. How the lads' throats stand all this shouting I cannot conceive.

When the last fashionable equipage has passed, the students take their departure. They are followed by the school-boys and apprentices, and these by the sober burgher families. The rear is brought up by the heavy baggage, the usual term for those who are blackguard-like drunk, and do not reach Leipzig that night. . . . Leave we them by the way side, and turn for a moment into the *Heiterblick* (literally Cheerful Sight, a sort of half-way house between Leipzig and Taucha). The garden is brilliantly illuminated, an excellent orchestra is playing, and the house is full of feasting and dancing, with such accompaniments as are not uncommon at those balls where the dancers do not belong to the higher grades of society.

We have run into greater length than we meant; and here, feasting and dancing in illuminated gardens, we will leave German Life.

*Abel Allnutt.* By the Author of 'Hajji Baba,' &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

How the author of the two works heading our notice, could have made the mistake he has in the third volume of 'Abel Allnutt,' it is hard to

guess. There are few who, after having followed an English story of singular pathos and simplicity and fine observation, through two-thirds of its career, would not, like ourselves, be annoyed at being dragged half over the world in the remaining third, merely to find a proper instrument to bring about the required close. Mr. Morier must have been seized with a sudden loss of self-confidence, or labour under a singular inexperience of the principles of his craft, not to know that such a change of scene and incidents, in a tale like this of Abel Allnutt, is little better than the contrivance of the school girl mentioned by Miss Mitford, who made Orpheus seek his lost Eurydice among the straths and tartans of bonnie Scotland.

Our readers will perceive that we are taking Mr. Morier to task, because we are so well pleased with him, that we would fain have been pleased *altogether*. It is long since we have met with anything more perfect of its kind than the Allnutt family. We love them all: Bab, the sententious, with her "it stands to reason," and her heart-warm kindness, and her old-fashioned gentlemanly spirit: Fanny, the faded beauty, vain almost to giddiness, and silly almost to fatuity, but redeemed from both by a sweet, unenvying disposition: Abel, with his false teeth, and his flute, in the quiet times of prosperity, a little hen-pecked by his sisters, but taking his own place as *man* of the family, when disorder and distress overwhelm their fortunes. Mary, the heroine, is of course perfection; and we can sympathise even with John, the man of the world and the schemer, with all his headstrong and sanguine rashness. Here they are, ready grouped to our hand, in the first pages of the book. John has come down to Ivycote, with an *El Dorado* in his head.

"Well, Abel, have you heard the news? Capital news to be sure!"

"What news?" exclaimed Abel, Bab, and Fanny with one voice.

"Famous news! I can tell you," said John.

"Oh, such news!" re-echoed the gentle Mary in a subdued voice.

"What is it, pray?" said the others.

"Why, they have positively found silver in the Coffer," said John, with great satisfaction in his manner.

"Have they?" said Abel—"Have they?" said Bab—"Have they?" said Fanny, all in the various tones of persons who are puzzled.

"They have indeed," said John, little minding the ignorance of his auditors; "and what's more, we are to have it."

"Shall we indeed?" exclaimed Bab, as if she now understood perfectly what was meant. "Well, that will be nice!"

"This news of the silver luckily just reached before I left London," said John, "and the directors are full of it."

"Why, I thought we were to have it," said Bab.

"Have what?" said John.

"The silver, to be sure," said Bab. "Did not you think so, Abel?" said she, turning to him.

"To say the truth," said Abel, "I know not what to think. John says that silver has been found in the coffer, and that we are to have it; but which coffer he means, he has still to tell us."

"Papa, you said nothing about Perote, that's true," said Mary, smiling, and amazingly amused at the mistake in which her uncle and aunts had fallen: "tis the Coffer of Perote that papa means."

"Who may Perote be," inquired Aunt Fanny with animation: "Is he anything to us?"

"No, no, my dear," said John, with a good-natured smile, as if he was recovering from a dream; "you have mistaken me, or perhaps you don't know."

"The result is certain," said John with great confidence. "What has been done before will be done again. Why, Bab," said he, taking both her hands into his, and looking at her straight in the face, "do you know that in 1825, Gundalajara coined 676,073

pesos; Durango, 800,000; Zacatecas, 3,000,000. In 1810, Guanajato produced 500,000 mares of silver, and 1500 mares of gold; Veta Grande, 100,000; and Catorce, 600,000 pesos.—Then, what do you say to that? and that with malacates only, and without the aid of a single steam-engine!"

"Bab, confounded by such a descent of hard names and round numbers upon her rustic mind, could scarcely breathe from astonishment, and drawing up a long 'Indeed!' from her inmost throat, stood staring, uncertain at the meaning of this display of knowledge."

"Are all those gentlemen with long names coiners?" inquired Fanny. \* \*

"And what may a malacati be?" inquired Abel.

"Oh," said Mary, who seemed to be well informed upon every subject which interested her father, "a malacati is a large leathern bag which descends to the bottom of the mine, and being filled, is drawn up to the surface by means of a large wheel worked by horses,—is it not so, papa?"

"Why, you would be as fit to be a director of a mining company as I am," said her father: "I think I must take you with me to help me."

"Do, do, my dear papa!" exclaimed Mary with joy and animation shining in her expressive features; "let me go with you,—I would give worlds to go with you!"

"Upon these words her uncle Abel and her aunt assumed the most serious gravity of aspect, and the first, addressing his brother, said, 'John, you really are not serious in saying this—are you?'"

"John," argued Bab, "would you really sacrifice your daughter to the fury of naked savages, and let her live in the woods upon roots and hips and haws, without a rag to her back, only because she is conversant with the name of an outlandish bag?"

"No, no," said John,—no, my dears, you utterly mistake me—I am only joking. \* \* She shall stay quietly with you until my return: there is only one agreement which I wish to make, and which you must all swear to; which is, that she shall not marry, except it be upon most unexceptionable grounds, until my return. She has promised me as much, and I require the same at your hands."

"Marry, indeed!" exclaimed Fanny; "and who is to marry her, I should like to know? There is not a creature within fifty miles of us likely to marry her!"

"Who knows?" said John; "husbands, they say, come down the chimney."

"I am sure none has ever come down our chimney," said Fanny, with doleful significance in her accent and manner. \* \*

"The little oak parlour was snug; the sun gleamed across the landscape, and the table, with its clean white cloth and glittering accompaniments, spoke volumes for the perfection of Aunt Bab's housewifery. John came in rubbing his hands rejoicing, accompanied by his blooming daughter, whose young blood flowed briskly through her veins as she contemplated the comforts before her, and looked at the kind faces by whom she was surrounded. Old Betty, with clean cap and apron, brought in the dinner; whilst the old man-servant, honest Brown, as he was called, who acted as butler, valet, groom, and gardener, waited at table. When they were all seated, and Aunt Bab's fidgets had somewhat abated, after her anxious countenance had duly combed the array and circumstance of every dish, and when the first calls of hunger were allayed, the ardent John merrily pouring himself out a glass of wine, exclaimed, looking round him at the same time, 'My dears, here is health and prosperity to us all! And now I will tell you of a glorious scheme which I have in my head for you, which will at one blow make you richer at least one-third than you are at present!'"

"Aunt Bab, who had been intent upon carving the leg of mutton, was the first to exclaim, 'John, what do you mean? How can you manage that?'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary, looking very arch, "I know how—don't I, papa?"

"You'll be a conjuror indeed," said Abel, "if you can do that."

"Now harken," said John; "the thing is as easily done as transferring ourselves from this parlour to the next room. You have been hitherto satisfied with drawing a small revenue from your three per cents.—now you shall enjoy six per cent. at once, with much better security for your money."

"Well and smiling she had a that will K notwithstanding deceive us "My send an or stock out Mexican s I dare say to yourself "Shall knife and "Abel "I am "but—" "Then says it, an side objec "You gination h likely to a how shall rally agree "Ther John;—h situated to you possibl silver and l looked tri the countr which now forth her t "There Bab. "No with John. you tell us you to exp yet unde now wha The se buy Mexi abroad an ing distre worldl fa and their part of th the displa Then, by —we beg retired st cold-heart leaning u Thomson, son Tom, Thornhill mixture of and, if not table-talk, "As soo the table, were heard the scene c with Lad drew a l thinking al ill-used wor "Mrs. W the pride o head of he taries after her attentio which in h breeding. "some fish— with a swee to 'try' a l 'induced,' nothing her you, my lon fish, kill ou at home.— "I pres made also, and looking



"Well, I declare!" said Bab, opening her eyes, and smiling with delight as she eyed John, in whom she had always placed implicit confidence—"well, that will be a capital hit! I can scarcely believe it notwithstanding, although I am sure you would never deceive us, John."

"My scheme is this," said John. "You must send an order to your bankers in London to sell your stock out of the Three per Cents. and to buy in Mexican stock. By that single operation you will, I dare say, get at least another two hundred a-year to yourselves."

"Shall we indeed?" said Bab, laying down her knife and fork. "Let us do it, Abel, at once."

"Abel," said Fanny, "let us do it to-morrow."

"I am ready to do what you like," said Abel; "but—"

"There is no *but* in the case," said Bab: "John says it, and therefore it must be right. What possible objection can you have?"

"You can have none," said Fanny, whose imagination had now fully seized all the advantages likely to accrue from this increase of revenue. "But how shall we get at the bankers?—they are generally agreeable men, and sometimes handsome."

"There is wisdom in what you say," answered John; "but recollect how very differently Mexico is situated to other states. What greater security can you possibly require than a whole continent full of silver and gold?" (At these words Bab and Fanny looked triumphantly at Abel.) "The very stones of the country are silver—most of the precious metals which now exist in the world have been produced from her mines—and she is about again to pour forth her treasures."

"There—what can you say to that!" exclaimed Bab. "No, Abel, you have no chance in argument with John. No—we are resolved—we will do what you tell us, John—that is determined; but I want you to explain one thing to me which I have never yet understood. You tell us to sell out of the stocks—now what are the stocks?"

The sequel may be guessed: the Allnutts buy Mexican stock, and are ruined; John goes abroad and is lost; and the details of the increasing distresses, to which this amiable and unworlly family are subjected by their credulity and their brother's folly, form the principal part of the story, and give admirable scope to the display of their well-imagined characters. Then, by way of foil, we have the Woodby group—we beg pardon, the *Goold* Woodbys:—he a retired stock-broker, purse-proud, prosy, and cold-hearted; she, vulgar and *newly-plated*, leaning upon the fashionable arm of Lady Thomson, a Cheltenham grandee; with their son Tom, a rake and rascal after the Squire Thornhill pattern; and their two daughters, a mixture of hoydenism and sentiment;—all good, and, if not new, individual. Here is a snatch of table-talk, which shows them in all their finery.

"As soon as the joyful words of 'Dinner is *hon* the table,' audibly pronounced by a rustic butler, were heard, the procession gradually proceeded to the scene of action; Mr. Woodby taking the lead with Lady Thorofield, whilst at the same time he threw a look of triumph towards his wife, who was thinking all the while that Lady Thomson was an ill-used woman.

"Mrs. Woodby having taken her seat where it is the pride of an English wife to sit—that is, at the head of her table, flanked on either side by dignitaries after her own heart, soon began to dispense her attentions to her guests in those terms of civility which in her estimation were the touchstone of good breeding. 'My lady, pray allow me to assist you to some fish.' My lord, won't you be pleased to play with a sweetbread?—Won't you be 'prevailed' upon to 'try' a kidney?—Mr. Simpleton Sharp, pray be 'induced.'—Miss Barbara Allnutt, I'm afraid there's nothing here that you 'prefer.'—All you see before you, my lord, we do at home: we bake, brew, milk, fish, kill our own mutton, and lay our own eggs, all at home.—Mr. Goold Woodby will tell you the same."

"I presume that your young ladies are home-made also," said Lord Demone, taking up his glass and looking at Mary Allnutt, with whose beauty he

had been particularly smitten, although he would fain have made the mother believe that he talked of her daughters. "You ought not to have forgotten them; they do more credit to your farm than your eggs."

"Indeed, my lord," said the good lady, not seeing the point of his humour, "they have nothing to do with the farm; they have had all the advantages of the genteel education—we have spared nothing to bring them up in the best principles of perfection;" and then lowering her voice, in a whisper she added, "And Mr. Woodby, there, is quite determined to give them each handsome fortunes. You see they are our only children, besides our son Thomas, and therefore we can afford to do it, and handsomely too."

"But you eat nothing yourself, ma'am," said Lord Thorofield, who was an old sportsman, and who, having been in the field all the morning, was too hungry to say much.

"Mrs. Woodby's principal pretensions to gentility, as far as regarded her own person, lay in three things: an ambition to be thought to have a weak stomach, her friendship for Lady Thomson, and her ancient lineage. In answer to Lord Thorofield's accusation of eating nothing, she said, 'Ah, my lord, ever since the time of Charles the Second the Goolds have been famous for their bad stomachs;—I am a thorough Goold, and that's the truth of it—I never do eat anything myself!' and then with a soft sigh added, 'And that I can't digest.'"

"Ah, difficulty of digestion, 'tis true, is the general complaint now-a-days," remarked Simpleton Sharp; "tis said to be the lawyer's complaint—at least it was so when I studied in the Temple."

"There is nothing extraordinary in that," said Demone.

"And wherefore?" said his companion.

"Because more laws are made than can be digested," replied the other.

"Ha! ha! that's very good!" exclaimed Simpleton Sharp; "I never thought of that." Then, turning himself to Lady Thomson, he exclaimed, "There, Lady Thomson, did you hear that? Demone says that lawyers make more laws than we can digest—is not that excellent?"

We wish we could work out the contrast further, and trace the Allnutts in their downward course—follow them to London—whither they make their way upon the suspension of Mexican payments; and relate some of the expedients with which they attempt to better their fortunes; their literary plan, for instance, with Aunt Fanny's Eastern tale, which is capital. But we must stop, when we have mentioned the name of Mark Woodcock, the well-intentioned attorney's clerk, who proves the clue by which they are led out of the labyrinth of distress and perplexity; and when we have again acknowledged, that in proportion as we heartily enjoyed the first part of the story, so were we vexed at the forced and artificial manner in which it is wound up.

*Journey round the Earth, through North Asia, the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans—[Reise um die Erde, &c.] By Adolph Erman.*

[Concluding Notice.]

A heavy fall of snow at the end of October diffuses as universal joy, and creates as much bustling gaiety in Tobolsk, as a warm sunny day at the end of April does in London. When the rivers are completely frozen over, and the deep snow has buried all the roughness and inequalities of the ground, then begins a life of quick but easy motion—of extended communications and little labour. The sun seems to rise merely for the sake of keeping time; and no longer molesting with "gairish eye," he shoots his slanting beams so modestly over the snowy plains, that he hardly appears to vie with the calm and soothing charms of the lengthened twilight. The Russian works for one half of the year with matchless energy to make himself snug during the other; and when the time of rest comes, he sits down with a keen appetite to feast on his

hoarded comforts. The delight which he experiences at having thus successfully anticipated the cycle of nature, is probably akin to the feelings of the bear and the marmotte, when, after retiring for their winter's sleep, they perceive that the snow has covered over the entrances of their den or burrow, and has at last tucked them in with its white counterpane.

On the 22nd November, winter being steadily set in, Erman, half hidden in furs and deer skins, mounted his sledge, and set forward on his journey to the polar circle: his route lay chiefly on the frozen surface of the rivers Irtysh and Obi. The scenic effects occurring on such a road are spiritedly, though briefly, hit off in the following sketch:—

The moon had already risen as we left Denjikóvo. We went at full gallop over the ice of the same arm of the river, between steep hills, the summits of which were crowned with pine trees of various species, in the most picturesque manner. A bright moonlight illuminated one half of the snowy landscape; while, on the right, the dark shadows of the hills and tall trees stretched across the way. We sometimes passed over places where, under shelter of the hills, the ice of the river was quite free from snow; and then of a sudden the loud ringing of the horses' hoofs was caught up by the echoes. But still more singular, in the wild wintry scene, sounded the alternate cries of the driver of the sledge and the rider of the leading horse; for, as if impelled by instinct, or as if they travelled only to cry, they never ceased for a moment calling to the horses.

The numerous cracks in the ice which take place at the commencement of the congelation, are always viewed by the horses with anxiety and suspicion. These animals slacken their speed as they approach the cracks; then snorting and pawing, when they find all strong, they bound across them with an alacrity arising apparently from a sense of a narrow escape from danger. Only three weeks before our author thus galloped along the rivers, he had been nearly tempted by the arrival of a small vessel at Tobolsk from Beresov, to embark in it, and descend to the latter place by water, but relinquished the scheme from the fear of being arrested midway by the frost. The distance between those towns (about 600 miles) is easily navigated downwards, in eight days, by the current alone, and without the assistance of wind. The navigation upwards, from the sea to Tobolsk, is favoured by the prevalent north winds, and by the counter-currents near the banks of the rivers. This is not the only instance of a river being navigated upwards and downwards with equal facility. The Nile also, and the river of Amazons, enjoy the like advantage of a prevalent wind blowing freshly against the current.

At Subotsk, not far from Denjikóvo, and nearly under the 60th parallel of north latitude, our author learned that wheat and barley produced fortyfold on the fertile soil inundated by the river. In this statement there is probably some exaggeration, even if the precariousness of the crops, particularly that of wheat, be left out of consideration, in calculating the average annual produce. But the energy of the Russians does wonders. Our author found them everywhere comfortably lodged, and in the midst of abundance, which they always felt a pleasure in hospitably sharing with the stranger. A fisherman at Samárovo, near the junction of the Irtysh and Obi, who had built himself a two-story house with glass windows, presented a lively exemplification of hardy thrift, as well as of the Siberian mode of thinking with respect to distances:—

Though late at night, we were not allowed to leave this without a supper; and while the women were preparing it, our host, well satisfied with his lot, told us of his good fortune. He had fearlessly laid out the monstrous sum of 3000 roubles (125*l.* sterling) on his fine house; for he put full confidence,

he said, in the river, to which he owed all that he had made. Summer and winter the worth of the productive fishery was enhanced by the proximity of the city. His distance from Tobolsk was reckoned, in winter, only 460, in summer 560 versts (respectively 300 and 365 miles).

The advantageous situation of Samárovo for trading or fishing, close to the mouths of two great rivers, with its fertile soil and well-stocked woods, is loudly celebrated by the Russian traders. But the place is also remarkable for circumstances of a different nature, and but little attended to. Tobolsk stands within the limits of a great alluvial deposit or bed of clay; and no stones, great or small, are seen between it and the Uralian Mountains, nearly 300 miles distant. The same geological character continues northward along the Irtysh and Obi; and it is at Samárovo, 200 miles distant from the Siberian capital, that the traveller first sees stones on the margin of the river, carried down probably from the Ural by the western confluent of the Irtysh. Yet the scenery of this river is by no means dull or monotonous, notwithstanding its deficiency in cliffs, pinnacles, and the bold prominence of rocky masses. The right bank is generally high, and the tall pines which, from its upper edge, shoot athwart the sky with an endless variety of grouping, are alone sufficient to engross the admiration of one who is alive to the beauties of nature. The left bank is low, and in the spring, during the melting of the snows, is inundated to a distance of some miles. Woods of aspens, elders, poplars, willows, birch, and pines of five or six different species, each kind seizing on the spot most favourable for its growth, clothe with diversity a too uniform surface, and present a new picture at every winding of the stream.

The traveller sometimes leaves the ice of the river, and, in order to cut across a promontory, ascends through one of the narrow chasms in the elevated eastern bank. These chasms are truly Siberian in their origin and appearance. They are not, like the glens of other countries, obviously the time-worn channels of ancient water-courses, but are actually deep cracks made in the clay ridge by intense cold. In passing up and turning out of these gullies, the sledge is very liable to be upset; and the traveller, in escaping this, is subject to another inconvenience, for should the route lie over corn fields, the sledge going over the ridges, tosses like a boat in a cross sea. Branches of trees stuck firmly in the ice or snow mark out the road.

Samárovo is also the southern limit of the winter migrations of the elk and reindeer. A few Ostyak families have wandered a hundred miles further south than the wild co-tenants of their original domains. Our author was forcibly struck by their ichthyophagic appearance. Their outer garments were made of fish skin; and, to render them elastic and weather-proof, were so besmeared with fish oil, as to be downright offensive. On this physical repulsiveness of the hard north, the sentiments of the luxurious south sit very oddly; and it was natural enough for Erman to laugh heartily when he found that the Ostyak women veil themselves closely in the presence of strangers. He ventured to raise the veil of one of those Siberian Amphytrites, but received from her a reproof which convinced him that modesty and pride are as sensitive and resentful when veiled in fish skin as in Brussels lace. The attempts made by the Russians to convert these people to Christianity have hitherto failed to produce any good effects. The natives add the rites of their new, to those of their old religion; and moreover endeavour to prove the sincerity of their conversion, by the zeal with which they yield themselves up to the Christian vice of drunkenness.

Further north the aboriginal tribes wear a better appearance. About eighty miles beyond Samárovo, on the island enclosed by the two great branches of the Obi, our author found an Ostyak family living in a kind of simple affluence, and preserving their original customs and industry, unalloyed by any imitation of the Russians. They were occupied as much in hunting as in fishing. In spring they chased the reindeer; the fox at all seasons. Of the enmity between the elk and glutton, and of the manner in which the latter falls from a tree on the back of his antagonist, they related precisely what we read in our popular books of natural history; but they acknowledged that these pleasant stories, though current at the fireside, wanted the confirmation of an eye-witness. They showed our author the skin of a sable, which they had recently caught, and which they kept in a box like a precious treasure; it was, in fact, half of their *gasak*, or yearly tribute. Its yellowish tint, which diminished its value, was ascribed by them to the quantity of light in the wood frequented by the animal. Their woods had been thinned by one of those fires which so frequently spread devastation in the forests of Siberia. These conflagrations are supposed by the Russians to be caused by the rubbing of the boughs together, or by lightning. They may also originate in the burning grass of the steppes, or the negligence of hunters in the woods, leaving unextinguished embers behind them. Sometimes forests are seen blazing through an extent of forty or fifty miles together; nor when the ravaging element has been extinguished, do they always recover their former character and value: in the young forests which shoot up, the lordly pine is generally replaced by the birch and aspen.

It was with this group of Ostyaks that our author first saw dogs kept exclusively for draught. They were as tall as a large spaniel, white, with a black patch or two on the neck, their black pointed ears well pricked up, and their bushy tails handsomely folded. All their movements displayed great life and activity. These poor animals receive harsh treatment in return for their indispensable services. While young, they are fondled and caressed, and kept within the yurts or cabins; but as soon as they arrive at canine years of discretion, they are turned abroad to find their own lodgings, and are severely punished as often as they attempt stealthily to creep into their former comfortable quarters. They soon learn to burrow in the snow near the walls of the cabin, the heat of their bodies making a sufficiently roomy chamber next the ground; and this is their only shelter during the intense cold of winter. Fish is their only food, and of that they receive but one meal a day.

The Ostyak yokes but two dogs to his sledge, unlike the Siberian natives further east, who drive five or six pair together in a train. The dogs called to business yield a prompt, though evidently unwilling, obedience. The man then lifting up their hind legs, slips a loop over their bodies, which is fastened round their breasts, and also connects them with the sledge. When the word is given to start, away they go, at first with prodigious struggling and howling—all the canine lookers-on howling in unison with them; but presently the sledge runs smoothly, and the noise ceases, or rather the dogs are silent, and the voice of the driver is alone heard. It is a standing joke among the Russians, that an Ostyak, in yoking a horse to a sledge, always begins by attempting to lift up the animal's hind legs. But the Russians themselves, if we are not much mistaken, bear the ineffaceable traces of ancient habits, which show that they originally learned the chariotting art in the

same school as the Ostyaks. Does not their custom of talking constantly to their horses point manifestly to those days when their ancestors drove, not horses, but dogs, in their drokies?

In latitude  $61^{\circ} 45'$ , or about 100 miles from Samárovo, stand the *Sosnovie Yurtui*, or the houses of the pine trees; and our author, looking at the noble trees from which the place takes its name, could not help reflecting on the great misconception which prevails in Europe respecting the climate of Siberia. The trunk of a tree which had fallen to the ground measured 80 feet in length. The houses or cabins beneath this stately grove resembled square boxes. They were built of large logs well plastered with clay, and had flat roofs. Near each of them stood a store-house for provisions, singularly constructed on four poles, at a considerable height from the ground. A notched pole served as a ladder to the door. The number, and the hunger, of these most expert thieves, the dogs, rendered it impossible to keep provisions in any other way than in these aerial magazines. The Russian settlers on the Irtysh in general make their windows of plates of talc; the richest alone indulging in the luxury of glass. The Ostyaks hitherto seen by our author, used, instead of talc or glass, fish skin well oiled. But here, beneath the tall pine trees, the windows of the cabins were glazed with ice.

Beresov, 420 miles north of Tobolsk in a direct line, or 600 by route, is a fur-trading settlement of great importance, inhabited by some respectable merchants, and by persons exiled for political offences. It stands at a little distance from the left bank of the Obi, on the Soswa, a small stream which, running northward, joins that river a few miles lower down. Erman first saw Beresov under the soft shade of a northern midnight; and it then struck him as if it were the end of the habitable earth. The prospect around it was wide and dreary. The houses were half buried in snow: all was wrapt in silence; nor could a trace be seen of a living creature. But far different were the impressions made by a view of the interior of the house. In this secluded spot hospitality reigns paramount among the virtues. Every one does homage to the stranger. Wherever he visits, he is placed in the seat of honour under the holy images; and as the inhabitants of the place are themselves all merchants and travellers, and active-minded, if not instructed men, they enter heartily into all his plans of travel, and furnish him with not a little valuable information. Of the interior of one of these houses, our author makes a clever picture:—

The apartment in which the guests are received is bare and ill furnished; but from the adjoining rooms are brought wine and foreign sweetmeats, and afterwards the various curiosities, which the bearded men sometimes appeal to in corroboration of their stories, and often in the hope of awakening in their wondering guests an inclination to traffic. Storehouses here are only for reindeer skins and other bulky commodities; but at home, as well as on his journey, the merchant keeps all his precious wares near him; and there one sees thrown whimsically on top of the other, as chance ordains it, the furs of all kinds of vermin, guns, knives, and other arms for Russians and Ostyaks, packages of tea, and bones of the mammoth, Russian clothing, brandy, madeira, the musk-bags of the beaver, needles, dried fruits from Bokhara, tobacco, and other luxuries. In Europe, a room crammed with such a miscellaneous collection might be mistaken, at first sight, for the cabinet of some odd old antiquary, or rather for the property-room of a strolling manager; besides, to the chaos of choice articles gathered from widely-distant countries, the ladies add their clothes and house-gear; for they are loth to encumber the inner apartments of the house, which are exclusively their own. The Russian merchants have learned from the Tatars,

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with whom they maintain a constant intercourse, to ensure their women to seclusion; and these, robbed of the pleasures of society, find some solace in feeding their imaginations on the treasures heaped up around them.

Erman met a Tatar merchant in Beresov, who, squatted on his cushion, playing the guitar, might be accounted one of the curiosities brought thither by trade. Our author sought, unsuccessfully, in Marco Polo's narrative, for an allusion to the commercial intercourse between the Southern Asiatic kingdoms and Siberia; and therefore contents himself with the authority of Herberstein, which goes back no farther than the sixteenth century. Had he looked into the Travels of Ibn Batuta, he would have found there an unequivocal account of the trade on the Obi, as it existed in the beginning of the fourteenth century (1330):—

"In Bulgar (an ancient city, which appears to have been situated in the government of Orenberg), I was told [says the Arab traveller] of the land of darkness, and certainly had a great desire to go to it from that place. The distance, however, was that of forty days. I was diverted, therefore, from the undertaking, both on account of its great danger, and the little good to be derived from it. I was told that there was no travelling thither except upon little sledges, which are drawn by large dogs; and that during the whole of the journey the roads are covered with ice, upon which neither the feet of men nor the hoofs of beasts can take any hold. These dogs, however, have nails, by which their feet take firm hold on the ice. No one enters these parts except powerful merchants, each of whom has perhaps a hundred such sledges as these, which they load with provisions, drinks, and wood; for there we have neither trees, stones, nor houses."

There can be little doubt that the journey here described was along the Irtysh and Obi, as these rivers, when frozen, form an easy road northwards, which no sledge-drivers could have ever overlooked. The merchants, having reached the land of darkness, obtained, by a silent traffic, sable, ermine, and other furs.

The length of the day at Beresov, when our author arrived there on the 1st December, was about four hours and a half; and the sun, attaining a meridian altitude of little more than four degrees, strove in vain to pierce the clouds which curtailed the drowsy atmosphere. But no other place so near the land of darkness can vie with Beresov, in the active, enterprising, kindly spirit, collaterally derived from mental cultivation. The number of educated men driven there, from time to time, by the vicissitudes of court favour, (our author found there a batch not long arrived), and who marry Siberian women, gives a tone to society; and traces of their refinement are long preserved by their children, though mixed with the uncouthness of a wandering trader's habits. It was in Beresov that the three favourites of Peter the Great, Osterman, Dolgoroukof, and Menschikof, ended their days. The last named appears to have turned devotee. His exile broke his spirits; and, used as he was to give the force of a moral principle to the courtly maxim, "Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est," he mistook his keen regrets for pangs of conscience, and built a church with his own hands to expiate the sin of political disgrace.

The world never saw a monument so rare and pregnant with instruction, as that little wooden church at Beresov, now unhappily fallen to decay, built out of the savings of ten roubles a day, (a family consisting of a wife, son, and two daughters being first provided for,) by a man who rose from the rank of a journeyman baker, crying "hot rolls" in the streets of Moscow, to be the minister of Peter the Great; who governed Russia during three reigns; who was on the point of becoming the father-in-law of the Czar Peter II.; and whose confiscated property, amassed by the avarice which ruined him, con-

tained, among other things, half a million's worth of jewels and 100,000 serfs. Menschikof, not contented with building the church, officiated in it as bell-ringer also; and when, after a two years' exile (in 1729), he died broken hearted, he was interred before the door of the little edifice. There his remains lay unmarked, and almost forgotten, till 1821, when the governor of Tobolsk, at the desire of Demetrius Kamenisky, the author of a biographical history of the contemporaries of Peter I., had the grave opened. The body, buried deep in the frozen earth, was found in a state of perfect preservation, and furnished relics to all the numerous descendants and admirers of the once great Menschikof.

A curious physical observation, much questioned by the learned, has been fully confirmed by our author, which is, that the earth, throughout the greater part of Siberia, remains frozen all the year round, to a greater or less depth according to the situation, and is only thawed superficially during the summer. Our readers will probably be seized with a fit of shivering, when they learn a discovery which makes "this goodly frame, the earth, seem," not merely "a sterile promontory," but even little better than an iceberg. In such a case, we feel that we ought not to withhold from them the dose of comfort, infinitesimal though it be, which our considerate author allows us to administer.

It may not be unimportant to subjoin to the proofs which we have added to the observations of our precursors, respecting the perpetual congelation of the earth, some confirmation also of the modifying circumstance of an internal source of heat. While it cannot be denied that the inhabitants of Yakutsk grow their corn on a mass of ice, thawed superficially to the depth of only three feet and a half, it may afford consolation to many, to consider that the frozen stratum does not reach to a greater depth than 600 Parisian feet, and that there, probably at the depth of 23,100, as in Europe at a depth of 22,500 Parisian feet, the temperature of the interior of the earth is that of melted lead.

The speculative mind, which refuses to be comforted by this assurance, would not be satisfied although we were to calculate for it the exact point at which commence the streams of Periphlegethon. But alas! the great heat "down below" cannot warm the fingers, though it may inflame the imagination.

Although the ground at Beresov freezes to the depth of five feet, yet the cultivation of barley and rye has been tried there with success.

This experiment (says our author) is of the greatest consequence to the Russian population of the place—not to satisfy their own wants, but because bread and meal serve as money in their traffic with the Ostyaks and Samoyeds. They are obliged to provide themselves with these articles from the governments of Tomsk and Tobolsk; and it is reckoned, that, for the annual fair of Obdorsk alone, 640,000 pounds of meal, and 160,000 pounds of baked bread, are sent northward by private traders, besides about 360,000 pounds of meal or flour despatched on account of government.

Leaving Beresov, Erman travelled the first stage with horses, over a plain, inundated in spring, when the different branches of the Obi uniting, form a stream of ten or twelve miles wide. At the next stage he yoked, for the first time, rein-deer to his sledge. These animals are not often seen in a tame state south of Beresov, and the reason given by all the Siberians for this fact is (whatever Mr. Laing may say to the contrary), that south of that place there is no moss to support them. The Russian officers use horses as far north as Obdorsk, but hay must be carried thither for their support. The Ostyaks, who live in villages on the rivers, keep dogs for their sledges, feeding them with fish; those who depend on rein-deer, ramble about,

from necessity, in smaller communities, often visiting the hills. Our author found on the banks of the Obi a family of these nomads, snugly crammed together, not in a log cabin, but in a tent of reindeer skin. In the centre was the hearth, round it sat the family, the men stripped to their waist, that they might enjoy the dry air, with their feet towards the fire, and their backs against the sides of the deer-skin tent, which had the hair turned inwards. These people find the chase a profitable occupation in the vicinity of Beresov. They take there, in great numbers, the isatis, vulgarly called the stone fox (*Canis lagopus*), and also the fox, properly so called. Both these species are distinguished by the fur traders into many varieties. The beaver abounds in the Obi in the same latitude, and is taken, not for the sake of its fur, but for its musk, which bears a very high price.

After regaling for some weeks in the odour of stored fish, fresh musk, and raw deer skins, and sneezing over fires of larch wood,—the smoke of which is extremely pungent, and equally irritating to the eyes and olfactories,—Erman was gratefully surprised, on entering Obdorsk at day-break of the 8th of December, by the smell of fresh bread, diffused to a wide distance through the still frosty air; and, on entering the house belonging to his mercantile friends at Beresov, he found its inmates employed in baking bread for the ensuing fair. Obdorsk, situated nearly under the polar circle, and fifty miles from the mouth of the River Obi, is, to the Russian fur traders, a point of the greatest importance, being the centre of the commerce carried on with all the tribes who wander over the country, from Archangel to the Yenisei, a distance of 1200 miles. These nomad hunters begin to gather round the place in December, but the active traffic does not take place till February, when the Yasak, or tribute of skins, is also received from the Ostyaks inhabiting the district of Beresov.

It was also a matter of surprise to our author to see the Russian naval flag waving over one of the houses on the banks of the river: in fact, here happened to be the winter quarters of the pilot Ivanhof, who had been seven years engaged in making a survey of the shores of the Frozen Ocean, between the rivers Petchora and Obi—a coast line exceeding, probably, 1000 miles in length. He visited and examined the capabilities of every creek and harbour of that shore which lies everywhere within the polar circle, and advances, in one place, as far north as the seventy-second parallel; but, as the compass was his only instrument, and the rate of travelling in a sledge his only measure of distance, his work should be considered as a reconnaissance rather than a survey.

Ivanhof found that the Samoyeds inhabiting the coasts all quit the sea shore in winter, when the ice sets in, and wander with their reindeer to the mossy hills of the interior. On the island of Waigatz, nevertheless, some families remain with their deer all the year round. This island presents, to the south and east, a bold, rocky shore, in general about 200 feet high. But the clay slate rock is disposed, we presume, in nearly vertical strata, for the frost and storms of winter split and break it down in enormous quantities. The adjoining seas are filled with the fragments, which are often thrown back again on the shores of the island after having been rounded by the continual action of the waters. When the wind drives a high swell on shore, it sometimes happens that the mouths of the rivers are, in two or three hours, completely dammed up by banks of pebbles, rising several feet above the usual level of the sea.

The great value of the fisheries in the rivers of Siberia might well prompt the Russian

government to make good hydrographical surveys of their mouths. To say nothing of the constant inhabitants of the fresh waters, many kinds of fish begin to ascend the Obi from the sea in the first week of June, immediately after the breaking up of the ice; but we shall confine our attention to the most important kinds—namely, the sturgeon and the salmon, of which, among several species, those called Nelm and Muksum are the largest and most esteemed. These kinds ascend to the sources of the rivers 1200 or 1500 miles from the ocean. The impulse which drives the inhabitants of the great deep to seek the retirement of brooks and rivulets, appears to affect them all at precisely the same time; for the distances observed between the different successive species, in different parts of the river, are found to be uniformly proportioned to their strength and rates of swimming.

The strong fish which lead the van may reach the fresh springs in the course of a few months; the Nelm and Muksum salmon all turn off westward to the Uralian Mountains; but the fish which lag behind, and remain in the middle of the river after it has been completely frozen over, all die of the cramp, as the fishermen say; but probably a deficiency of atmospheric air, in their prison below the ice, is the true cause of the mortality which begins to attack them in January. They crowd together in such multitudes on all the soft mud banks in the river, that the expert fisherman has little difficulty in taking them. The Ostyak lowers a large basket through an opening cut in the ice, and, after a few minutes' delay, hauls it up full of fish. In this way he often takes sturgeon six feet in length. The Russian drops balls of clay, heated in the fire, on the banks frequented by the fish, and thus drives them into his net. Many other devices are resorted to in winter by the fishermen, but in the autumn, before the ice appears on the rivers, the fishery is carried on with nets on a grand scale, and with great profit. The fish are found to improve as they ascend higher up the river, and, until the sturgeons have gone above Samárovo, or the junction of the Irtysh and Obi, their roes are not ripe enough for making caviare. Our author seems to entertain an opinion, that only fish advanced in years, the oldest of their various tribes, ascend to the sources of the rivers, driven, by a peculiar instinct, to complete their functions, and end their days in peaceful retirement. We shall not stay to examine the merits of this hypothesis, but shall close our notice of the Siberian fisheries with the following statistical outline, due to the truly German diligence of our author:—

The Russians at Tobolsk, who have lucrative fisheries on the lower part of the Obi, estimate, as follows, the relative numbers of the several kinds of fish taken—namely, for 1 sturgeon, they take 6 nelms, 80 muksums, and 104 of the smaller kinds of fish in the aggregate; or if, for the numbers of individuals, we substitute the weight of the fish, then the sturgeons, nelms, muksums, and the small fish collectively, will be in the proportions of 5, 7, 42, and 112. The average weight of a sturgeon may be taken at 50 lb. As to estimating the absolute produce of the fisheries of the Obi, the utmost we can do is to approximate to its lowest limit, since the most considerable portion of it, being carried on by the Ostyaks, lies beyond the reach of computation. From the very moderate assumption that each of the 60,000 aboriginal inhabitants of the government of Tobolsk requires daily one pound of fish for his own support, and two pounds for that of his dogs, and that each of the 480,000 Russians consumes daily one-third of a pound, we deduce an annual consumption of 113,000,000 lb. This weight requires, according to the proportions stated above, twenty-six millions of fishes—a number which, great as it is, may be shown, by an easy calculation, to fall far short of the amount of the shoals which annually ascend the Obi.

Besides furs, seal skins, and other peltry, the Russians purchase from the natives, at the fair of Obdorsk, considerable quantities of fossil ivory, or tusks of the mammoth, which are sometimes found of the weight of 250 lb.; the down of various sea fowl, and skins of geese, feathers and all, to the number of about 50,000 annually.

From Obdorsk, Erman made an excursion towards the mountains in the north-west, which he supposed to be a continuation of the Uralian chain, but, on reaching a height of 1600 feet he was compelled, by the entreaties of his Ostyak and Samoyed companions, to desist from the attempt to proceed further. The distant mountains, apparently about 4700 feet in height, were entirely free from snow, and the scanty covering of snow on the country around, proved the general dryness of the atmosphere, and the prevalence of high winds. These violent freezing winds, under which no tent can stand, are much dreaded by the natives. During this excursion, the thermometer fell as low as 33° below zero; the length of the day was only an hour and a half. The sun just peeped above the southern horizon, and the long shadows, projected over the wide expanse of the frozen river, had a singular appearance. Few traces were seen of animal life—the caravans of the natives alone animated the wintry landscape. When the old reindeer, or dams, are yoked in the sledge, the young ones are sure to follow after, and away gallop the poor animals, in a long train, in single file behind the sledge of their master, who, concealing his "human face divine," rolls himself up, like a great muff, in the borrowed coats of his four-footed retinue.

Throughout his journey along the Obi, our author found the natives uniformly obliging, intelligent, and honest; indeed, the honesty of the Ostyaks is proverbial among the Russians. They are never known to violate their oath, made by laying their hands on the head of a bear, for which animal they, in common with the other northern tribes, entertain a kind of superstitious respect, the Ostyak venerating the brown, the Samoyed the white bear. Yet, with the inconsistency, or it may be with the prudence, of superstition, they never scruple to shed the blood of that sapient and respectable animal; killing him first, and worshipping him afterwards.

A Samoyed, armed with his knife tied to a pole, is not afraid to encounter a full-grown white bear, eight feet in length. The Samoyeds, however, are among the most expert of the northern hunters: they clothe themselves in the skins, and imitate, to perfection, the motions and cries of the kind of animal which they wish to decoy. The white bear is almost a Samoyed in cunning:—he watches the retreats of the seals on the sea shore, completely wrapped up in snow, with just one paw at liberty, and impending over the mouth of the den.

Our author's journey back to Tobolsk offers nothing novel; and we shall now let him take leave of the reader in his own manner, only remarking by the way, that Captain Cochrane (who, unlike Erman, seems to have travelled merely for the sake of showing how much exertion a man may make to little purpose,) rode by far the greater part of what he called his "Pedestrian tour" through Siberia, and experienced, to such an extent, the hospitality of the people, that the expenses of his journey from Moscow to Irkutsk, a distance of 6000 miles by the road he took, fell short of one guinea.

It would be a most agreeable result (says our author) if the sinister prejudices which make Siberia appear a barbarous and fearful place of exile, were to give way to the impressions of an Idyllian or Odyssean character, which I experienced in those arctic regions. Separated from my former compa-

nions, I travelled from Irkutsk to Ochotsk, attended only by a single Cossack through the midst of Yakuts and Tonguses; and throughout Kamchatka I mixed continually with the natives, at a distance from the Russian settlements. I had with me a considerable sum of money, my astronomical and other instruments attracted much curiosity, and were thought to be of inestimable value, yet, in the whole course of my journey, I never once experienced an insult or an act of dishonesty.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## PROFESSOR TURNER.

THE death of Dr. Turner, Professor of Chemistry at the University College, is a severe loss, not only to that Institution, of which he was one of the most distinguished teachers, but to the many scientific societies of the empire, of which he was a member; and indeed to Science itself. He died on Sunday, 12th February, at his residence at Hampstead, aged 40. The immediate cause of his death was inflammation of the lungs, which commenced in an attack of influenza. He had been suffering for many years under chronic affection of the intestines, by which his strength was extremely reduced.

Dr. Edward Turner was born in Jamaica, but was early removed, for his education, to England. He graduated as Doctor of Medicine in Edinburgh. Having determined to make Chemistry the principal object of his study, he went, even after taking his degree, to Göttingen, where he continued for two years devoting his whole attention, under Professor Stromeyer, to that science and the kindred one of mineralogy. He returned to Edinburgh in 1824, and began to lecture on his favourite science. On the foundation of the University of London, in 1828, he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at that Institution, to the success of which, as a medical school especially, by his character, his abilities, his indefatigable exertions as a man of science and as a teacher, his prudence, and the amenity of his manners, he has contributed a very ample share. His class has been large and constantly flourishing; his lectures were remarkable for the simplicity and clearness with which the most apparently complicated principles and facts were expounded, inasmuch that he was considered by his pupils a model of an effective teacher. He always maintained and was most successful in showing that a course of instruction in any one department of knowledge may be made a highly mental exercise, and the means of invigorating generally the reasoning powers.

As a chemist, Dr. Turner was early known as a most acute and original observer, and was distinguished by the extent and accuracy of his knowledge in all departments. His 'Elements of Chemistry' has been for some years the text book used by almost all teachers.

Dr. Turner's first publication was a small treatise on the Atomic Theory. He was the author of several papers in scientific periodicals, and in the Transactions of the Royal Societies of Edinburgh and London, of both which societies he was a Fellow.

If Dr. Turner had not been so much distinguished by his enlarged intelligence, his consummate ability as a teacher and his fame as a chemist, he would have been nevertheless remarkable for his high moral qualities. It was impossible to have passed the shortest time in his society, or even to have "looked in his face," without being struck by the extraordinary amenity and benevolence which were his characteristics. It is a fact well known to those intimately acquainted with him, that his temper never appeared ruffled, and the tranquillizing effect of his mere presence on the angry feelings of others has often been remarkable.

Dr. Turner was a member of the established Church of England, and a strict observer of its ordinances; but he afforded an example that sincerity in attachment to its principles is perfectly consistent with the toleration, in spirit, as well as in demeanour, of adverse opinions. His particular religious sentiments were never obtruded, and the strength of his feelings on the subject was known only to his family and most intimate friends.

In his last moments he was tranquil and "perfectly content to close his career." Exhibiting and expressing the firmness of his faith and his full trust and confidence in the redeeming effects of the sufferings and merits of Christ, he had his domestics assembled around him, to witness the serenity with which he was enabled to contemplate the certain approach of death. It is no exaggerated portraiture of Dr. Turner's character to say, in a few words, that he afforded an extraordinary instance of the combination of the best and highest qualities, most accurate perception, enlarged intelligence, active benevolence, unaffected piety, universal charity.

We need scarcely add, that, thus endowed, Dr.

Turner was held in high esteem by his colleagues at the College, or that by his pupils he was ardently beloved. To gratify principally the feelings of the latter, who in a body have expressed their desire for permission to join in paying the last tribute of respect to their lamented friend and teacher, his mortal remains will be brought this day (Saturday) to University College, and removed thence, in procession, to the Cemetery at Kelsall Green, attended by the students, the professors and several eminent men of science, the intimates and admirers of the deceased.

## CENTRAL SOCIETY OF EDUCATION.

WE alluded, some time since, to the establishment of this Society, and we rejoice to find that the Committee have already given proof that they do not mean to let the question of the sufficiency or insufficiency of the present no-system of education, rest as heretofore on vague generalities, but to put assertion to the test of facts; and the evidence adduced from the wealthy parish of Marylebone is alone sufficient, we should think, to rouse up the most inert and indifferent, by the fearful proof it offers of the mass of ignorance, misery, and profligacy by which we are all surrounded. We have, in our review of Mr. Wyse's book, taken leave once again to urge on the attention of our readers that a National System of Education is absolutely required, not only for the moral well-being, but for the prosperity of the country. It is well known that many nations, France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, and Russia especially, are making great exertions to establish home manufactures. Englishmen, when considering this subject, are too much accustomed to calculate the probabilities of success with exclusive reference to local circumstances, the vicinity of coal and iron, &c.; and we admit that in this way England has great advantages: but knowledge and morals are elements which must be taken into the calculation—they are positive powers; and we know from the labours of the Statistical Society of Manchester and others, that the bulk of the people of Great Britain are, for all good purposes, wholly uneducated; and this fact, and its consequences, are confirmed by the inquiries of the Central Education Society, who have pushed their examination further—have gone from house to house and ascertained the exact condition of the members of each family. There is one circumstance which comes out in evidence, likely, we should think, to startle the most thoughtless, namely, that out of 578 families with children, 308 have only one room, and, consequently, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, all sleep together. The demoralizing effects of this need not be pointed out, but melancholy proof of it came to the knowledge of the Committee, though of such a nature as is unfit for publication. We now present our readers with

*An Analysis of the Returns taken from 578 Families, being those Families that have Children.*

Number of houses.....	315
Families inhabiting those houses.....	915
Number of children.....	1575
Fathers can read, or read and write.....	777
— cannot read, &c.....	267
Fathers can use carpenters' tools.....	95
— cannot use tools.....	403
Mothers can sew, wash, knit, &c.....	531
— cannot sew, wash, &c.....	2
Parents can sing or play on musical instruments.....	166
— cannot sing, &c.....	871
Families have books.....	343
— have not any books.....	233
— have pictures or prints.....	271
— have not any.....	306
Children go to school.....	510
— do not go to school.....	1064
— can read, or read and write.....	747
— can neither read nor write.....	823
Boys have learned to use tools.....	61
— have not.....	573
Girls have learned to sew, wash, &c.....	492
— have not.....	227
Children being brought up to any trade, &c.....	160
— not being brought up, &c.....	1416
Average sum paid per week for schooling.....	4d.
Children paid for by parents.....	334
— instructed gratis.....	179
— remain at home after school.....	1283
— play in the streets.....	162
Families where parents are chiefly with the children.....	549
— where they are not with children.....	29
— that are clean and healthy.....	349
— dirty, but healthy.....	175
— dirty and unhealthy.....	53
— much distressed.....	58

Families have a good supply of water.....	513
— have a bad supply of water.....	64
— living in confined rooms, &c.....	249
— living in airy rooms, &c.....	324
— have but one room.....	396
— have two rooms.....	140
— have three rooms or more, or house.....	100
Children sleep in same room with parents.....	795
Brothers and other disorderly houses.....	20
Average rent per week for one room, by 136 families, 2s. 3d.	

## Classification of Trades.

Carpenters.....	48	Bakers.....	7
Bricklayers.....	36	Plasterers.....	16
Smiths.....	8	Gardeners.....	5
Painters and Glaziers.....	27	Fishmongers.....	3
Shoemakers.....	32	Paper-hangers.....	4
Labourers.....	78	Grocers.....	1
Coachmen, Outlets, &c.....	37	Hatters.....	2
Servants.....	11	Musicians.....	2
Tailors.....	15	Printers.....	3
Schoolmasters.....	1	Miscellaneous Trades.....	117
Chimney Sweepers.....	5		
Occupations not ascertained.....	39		

On this analysis we have only to observe, that the habits of the 403 persons who could not use carpenters' tools, and were consequently unable to furnish, by their own labour and ingenuity at leisure hours, any conveniences in the way of shelves, cupboards, &c., had generally a bare, desolate, and untidy appearance; that of the families having books, very few had any beyond a Bible and a Prayer-book; that the prints and pictures were almost without exception miserable and unmeaning dabs of red, blue, and yellow; that the number of children returned as being able to read, includes those who could but just spell over the words; and that there was a manifest reluctance in all parents to acknowledge that their children played in the streets, and therefore that the number reported as doing so is much under-rated, as was apparent to the examiners.

This inquiry, it will be seen, has been very limited, but the result proves that it may be extended according to the resources of the Committee. It was therefore considered advisable to call a general meeting of the parish of Marylebone, which was, by consent of the vestry, held on Wednesday last at the Court House. The ever active and zealous Captain Brenton was called to the chair—a report was read by the Secretary, Mr. Duppa, to which we are indebted for the principal facts here adduced—and a Committee of Inhabitants appointed to proceed with the inquiry, which we trust will be carried on with spirit and perseverance; the amount required does not, we understand, exceed 200*l.*, which is to be raised by subscription.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Proposals, somewhat visionary we fear, have been lately issued by Mr. E. H. Barker, for the establishment of a Library, to contain exclusively books of history. In connexion with the Library is to be formed an Historical Society—Historical Lectures are also to be given—and rare and choice tracts relating to English history are to be published by the Society. "If," says the Projector, "there be occasion for Societies like the Astronomical, Geographical, Geological, Meteorological, Philological, and Statistical, it can scarcely be said that there is no necessity for an Historical Society." The practicability of the plan, he continues, rests on its obvious utility, "on the ascertained fact that the owners of one of the finest houses in Lincoln's Inn Fields have consented to make arrangements for giving early possession of that house to the Committee of the Institution, and also to erect at their expense additional buildings with a splendid Lecture-Room, on the condition of receiving a liberal rent for the outlay and accommodation—it also rests on the further fact, that one eminent Bookseller has offered to supply a very large amount of books for prompt payment of one moiety of the cost, trusting to the future funds of the Institution for the payment of the other moiety, and on the firm belief that other booksellers will be ready to act on the same understanding—it rests on"—but perhaps the reader will agree with us, that the Institution has already been shown to rest on a basis sufficiently original, and that we need not proceed with further particulars.

We learn, from the *Merthyr Guardian*, that the more feasible project, the establishment of a Society for the publication of Welsh Manuscripts, to which

we alluded some time since, is about to be realized. The preliminary measures, says the writer, have been conducted with energy, spirit, and discretion, and furnish grounds for auguring future success; and we heartily concur with him in the hope "that all genuine Welshmen," and Englishmen too we may add, "according to their means, will exert themselves to give effect to the objects contemplated, and enable the Society to act with efficiency."

Of home news, in the way of literary gossip, we hear little. It will, however, be satisfactory to our readers to know, that the trustees of the British Museum have gone even beyond the recommendation of the Committee of the House of Commons; and that the Museum will be open to the public every day, except Sundays, including the Holydays—commencing Easter Monday. The number of visitors continues to increase. 9,000 persons visited the Museum in one day of the last year; and the whole number during the latter period was 383,000!

The announcements of new books are few and unimportant. We remember since our last report only—'Modern India; or, Illustrations of the Resources and Capabilities of Hindoostan,' by Dr. Spry, of the Bengal Medical Staff; 'Temples Ancient and Modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture,' by Mr. Bardwell, Architect;—and 'An Exploratory Voyage along the West Coast of Africa, and the Narrative of a Campaign in Kafferland in 1835,' by Capt. J. E. Alexander.

The Committee appointed by the French Minister to take into consideration the question relative to an international law of copyright, has made its report—recommending, in substance, that the publication, in France, of foreign works, without the consent of the author, shall be prohibited in all cases where the nation to which the writer belongs offers a like protection to French authors—that no pirated edition of a work shall, under like circumstances, be imported into France; nor shall it be lawful to import French works, though originally exported, within five years. This last regulation, we presume, is intended as a protection against fraud.

It is with much pleasure we announce the election of Captain Bœaufort as foreign corresponding Member of the French Academy, in the room of the late M. Lislet Geoffroy.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS, is Open daily from 10 in the Morning until 5 in the Evening.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 16.—The Earl of Burlington, V.P., in the chair.

The remaining part of Mr. Skey's paper, 'On the Elementary Structure of Muscular Fibre of Animal and Organic Life,' was read; and also a paper 'On the Reflex Action of the Spinal Marrow,' by Marshall Hall, M.D.

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 13.—Sir John Barrow, President, in the chair. The following papers were read:—

1. An account of the ascent of the River Courantaine, the boundary between British and Dutch Guyana, in October, 1836, by Robert H. Schomburgk, Esq.

In a former number of the *Athenæum* we noticed Mr. Schomburgk's arrival at the post of Orelia, being about forty miles distant from the sea, and the station of the post-holder appointed to watch over the traffic on the river. After some difficulty, he here engaged Indians, both Arrawaks and Caribs, to man his corbials or canoes, for the expedition towards the sources of the river. The natives in this neighbourhood, who may amount to about four hundred, have lately begun to assist wood-cutters in felling timber, and preparing staves; but the want of honesty shown in the contracts for work with the Indians will, as soon as discovered, do more injury than the friends of civilization will, for some time, be enabled to remedy. Would it not be possible to guard the Indian against the imposition of the colonist?

The river Courantaine is here 1230 yards wide, or

about three times the width of the Thames at Waterloo Bridge; the average rise of the tide about six feet, with a depth of water, even in the dry season, for vessels of nearly 100 tons. Its first, or sea reach, for about sixty miles, runs in a north and south direction, between banks about twelve feet in height, wooded with all the valuable timber trees so abundant in this fertile country.

At Siprouta, a small chain of hills causes the river to describe a circle of twenty miles, above which, in latitude 5° north, it flows in a direct line from the west for more than fifty miles, and exactly at right angles to its previous course.

Here, for the first time, at a distance of about seventy miles from the coast, rocks are seen *in situ*. At the entrance of the river Calababa from the Dutch or eastern shore, its banks were covered with shrubs of the wild *Arnotto*, overrun by the splendid flowers of the *Cassia calyantha*. Some miles further many large boulders of white sandstone are heaped up on a projecting point, and would afford valuable building materials when required at some future day.

In longitude 57° 40', the most westerly point of the Courantaine, the river again makes an abrupt turn, and flows, in its usual course, from the south. The bed of the stream is now much interrupted by rocky islets, and spreads out to upwards of a mile in breadth; a very striking feature, was almost a forest of *lacia*, so numerous was this beautiful aquatic plant, whose thickly set lilac flowers formed a strong contrast to the otherwise barren granitic rocks. On one immense boulder many gigantic figures were rudely sculptured, similar to those before observed on the banks of the river Essequibo.

A few miles further south the river Courantaine presented one of those scenes of confusion characteristic of the rivers of Guyana—piles of granitic boulders, between which the river forces itself a passage, forming innumerable rapids; in one spot the trunk of a large tree, brought down by the floods, had been lodged full twenty feet above the present level of the river, forming a bridge, connecting two of these masses of rock, and bearing witness to the vast body of water which must traverse this country during the rainy season.

In latitude 4° 21' N., longitude 57° 35' W., a barrier of rocks extended across the river, which precipitated itself over them in three separate cataracts, one of which was forty feet high. From hence, for five miles to the southward, a granitic tract extends, through which the river rushes, forming a series of falls and rapids, presenting an impassable barrier to any further passage for boats.

The river at this spot, about 100 miles from the coast, was still a stream 900 yards wide, where, on many of our old maps, its sources are placed. It is remarkable, that although their outlets are separated by a distance of more than 90 and 100 miles respectively, the Courantaine is here only twelve miles distant from the river Demerary, and about thirty miles from the Essequibo—thus pointing to their sources probably in the same range of mountains. At the extreme south point reached by the expedition, in latitude 4° 16' N., the barometer marked 530 feet above the sea—thus showing an average rise of about five feet in a mile from the coast.

Foiled in this attempt to reach the Sierra Acaray, or line of separation of waters between the basins of the Amazons and the Essequibo, Mr. Schomburgk returned to Berbice, whence he again started, on the 25th November, in hopes of gaining his object by tracing that river to its source.

2. Observations on the unexplored parts of North and North-western Australia, by G. W. Earl, Esq. At the moment that an Expedition is fitting out to explore the unknown portions of the coast of Australia, and to complete the survey of Bass's and Torres's Straits, the remarks of a practical sailor, who has traversed more than 4000 miles of coast in the Indian Archipelago and Eastern Asia, and who, by his acquaintance with the Malay language, has had much intercourse with the natives who navigate these seas, are peculiarly interesting.

Mr. Earl says,—"During my numerous voyages in the Indian Ocean, I have invariably remarked there was great resemblance in all those parts of the coast which possess similar geographical features, whether navigable rivers, shallow creeks, or straits

which afford communication between seas; and there does not appear to be any reason why this resemblance should not extend to those portions of the coast of Australia, which have the same climate, are under the influence of the same winds, and which may be almost considered a part of the same country."

The places which may be deemed of the chief interest in this vast island, are the gulf of Carpentaria on the north, and Dampier's Archipelago on the north-west coast.

The former, as is well known, is a deep gulf, 400 miles long from north to south, by about 300 wide; the shores of which were explored by Flinders in 1802, but, from circumstances, that able navigator was prevented examining them accurately. Towards the bottom of the gulf he could not approach the land, on account of a mud bank, which extended far out to seaward, on which he found only two fathoms and a half of water.

Now, the mouths of most rivers in the intertropical parts of Eastern Asia are similarly situated—witness that of Palembang in Sumatra, the Sambas on the west coast of Borneo, and more especially the Meinam at the bottom of the gulf of Siam; and the great resemblance between the last-named and the gulf of Carpentaria, would lead to the conclusion that a river will be found there also. This is further corroborated by the *Bûghis*, the trepang fishers from Macassar, who annually visit the gulf; and it may be asked, what else becomes of the heavy rains which fall during the north-west monsoon? For these reasons, and the general report of the natives, lead Mr. Earl to conclude that one or more rivers will be found in this gulf, and that the coast opposite Pellew's Islands is deserving of the closest examination.

Another very important spot is the opening of the north-west coast behind Dampier's land, which was penetrated by Captain King about thirty miles, "whence no land was to be seen to the southward." The extraordinary rise of the tides here, namely, thirty-seven feet, and the absence of continuous land, would lead to the supposition that a deep inlet existed; but another remarkable fact, noticed, but not commented upon, by Captain King, is the extreme irregularity of the trade wind. This part of the coast, in about 17° south latitude, must be considered quite within the limits of the south-east trade wind, and also subject to a regular land and sea breeze; yet it appears from Captain King's observations, that by day, instead of a strong sea breeze setting in, it was usually calm; and that by night the south-east wind regained its force, and blew strong—an anomaly which Mr. Earl suggests may be accounted for by a great inland sea, the cold air over which would supply the vacuum caused by the rarefaction of the air over its heated shores by day, and thus the trade wind would be held in suspension. By night, however, when the land had become cooled, the breeze from the inland sea would not be required, and the south-east trade wind would be permitted to hold its course. "Thus only (says Mr. Earl) it seems this anomaly may be accounted for."

It is remarkable, that all the recent accounts from Swan River, gleaned from the natives, tend to confirm the probability of the existence of such an inland sea.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Feb. 9.—H. Hallam, Esq. in the chair.

The Secretary concluded the reading of Mr. Hogg's 'Notice of two Roman Inscriptions, relative to the conquest of Britain by the Emperor Claudius Caesar,' &c.

As one of these inscriptions was proved by Mr. Hogg to be spurious, and copied from the other, the present report will be confined to that which alone is authentic, and worth notice.

The inscription consists of the beginnings of nine lines. It was discovered by the writer, in the year 1826, in a wall belonging to the Barberini Palace at Rome. Its existence was by no means previously unknown, having attracted the attention of several antiquaries; one of whom, Gauges de Gozze, the first who published it, has very learnedly supplied the lost portion of the lines. The whole, as thus restored, is given in Donati's 'Roma Antiqua,' as follows:—

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AVGVSTO Germanico Pio  
PONTIFICI max. Trib. Pot. ix.  
COS. V. Imperatori xvi. Patri Patria  
SENATVS. POPVLSQVE Romanus quod  
REGES. BRITANNIA perduelles sine  
VLLA. IACTVRA celeriter cepit  
GENTESQ. Extremarum Orichadum  
PRIMVS. INDICIO facto R. Imperio adicir.

In proceeding to comment on the parts of the inscription separately, Mr. Hogg showed that, although the prænomens *Imp.* is omitted, it belongs to Claudius the fifth Roman Emperor. The cognomen of *Germanicus* this emperor assumed from his father Drusus, to whom, and to his posterity, it was given by the senate. For the titular formula, *Trib. Pot. IX. Cos. V. Imperatori XVI.* he proposed, *Trib. Pot. XI. Cos. V. Imp. XXII.* i. e. "Tribunitia Potestate undecimam, Consul designatus quintum, Imperator vigesimum secundum," whence the date is ascertained to have been the eleventh year of the reign of Claudius, in his fifth consulship; which, as he came to the throne A.U.C. 794, was A.U.C. 804, or A.D. 51. Having indicated the incompetence of the authorities—Eutropius, Jerome, Orosius, and Cassiodorus—from whom, as asserting that Claudius annexed the Orkneys to the Roman Empire, Gauges de Gozze and the editor of Donati appear to have completed the eighth line, he suggested, as probably a more correct restoration, *Gentesque insularum extremarum, or, extremas orbis terrarum*; while the last line, which was also evidently supplied from the same writers, he altered to *Primus indicio facto I. R. addidit*.

The occasion of the inscription having been erected to Claudius at the above date, includes historical circumstances of great interest to ourselves.

We are told by Tacitus (Annal. l. xii. c. 31—37), that Publius Ostorius, Proprætor of Britain, having already defeated several of the British tribes, marched against the fierce Silures, who, under their renowned chief Caractacus, advanced into the country of the Ordovices, and fortified a steep place in the mountains; that they were there attacked by Ostorius, and, after an obstinate battle and vast slaughter, the Romans gained a complete victory. The wife and daughter of Caractacus being taken captive, and his brothers having surrendered themselves, the king himself sought the protection of Queen Cartimandua, by whom he was basely delivered up to the conqueror. The royal captives were sent to Rome, where they were exhibited, with great pomp, before the Roman people, who were purposely assembled by Claudius to witness the triumph, an elaborate description of which is given by the historian. The word used here by Tacitus is, indeed, *not triumph*, but spectacle—"insigne spectaculum"; but the expression, in regard to the same event, in his history (l. iii. c. 5) previously written, and in which he is more likely to have observed strict accuracy, proveth that he used that term as synonymous with "triumphus"—"capto per dolum (he writes) rege Caractaco, innoxise triumphum Claudii Cesaris videbatur."

Suetonius mentions a triumph of Claudius Cesar, which took place A.U.C. 797, immediately after his expedition to Britain; but which we must not confound with this, wherein Caractacus appeared, which occurred seven years later. The notice of the latter would, no doubt, have appeared in the Annals, most likely in the ninth and tenth books, had those books been extant. Mr. Hogg proved, from a variety of particulars, that there is no reasonable ground whatever for calling in question the fact, that the Emperor Claudius received two triumphs at Rome, one on the occasion of his own return from Britain, the other on the return of his victorious general, Ostorius.

A further light was thrown upon the subject, by referring to the circumstances under which the inscription was originally found. It was discovered in the beginning of the Via Flaminia, in the Piazza Sciarra, where formerly was an arch, which Ferrucci and other writers on the antiquities of Rome believe to have been the arch of Claudius. On the same spot have been likewise discovered an antique tessellated pavement, some fluted columns of African marble, the trunk of a statue of a captive Briton, several pilasters, and other remains.

Mr. Cullimore read a paper, written by himself, 'On the Epoch of Amon-me-Rameses the Great, as determined by the Astronomical Sculptures in his Palace at Thebes.' Among the chief desiderata of

the recovered monumental history of Egypt, is the direct connexion of one or more of the catalogued reigns of the best age of these records, with known eras of history, which, if obtained, would necessarily settle the disputed chronology of this interesting period in the progress of human civilization and art. In a former paper, read before the Society, the writer had shown, that this object was, in some degree, supplied by an alabaster Scarabæan Calendar, in the collection of Mr. J. Sams, which bears the prenomen of Thothmes Mera, and appears to connect that Monarch's reign with the origin of the canicular cycle, B.C. 1325—1321, which Theon attributes to Menophres—a name differing from that of Mera or Meris only in common orthographical variations. This epoch likewise corresponds with the age of Mæris, according to Herodotus—900 years anterior to that historian's visit to Egypt in the latter half of the fifth century B.C. The purpose of the present memoir was to show, that the astronomical remains of Amon-me-Rameses, the Rameses Miamoun of Manetho, (who was the seventh successor of Mera, and the constructor of the Chronological Tablet of Abydos), furnish coinciding results, fixing the date of the ceiling of his palace of the Memnonium to the year B.C. 1138, or 180 years lower than the epoch of Mera. This epoch was obtained by means of an intricate calculation, from a comparison of the sculptures of the Memnonium, with those on the portico of the temple of Apollinopolis Magna, the modern Edfon, which belong to the period of the Lagidae—those being the only two known examples, in which the monuments present us with the hieroglyphic physical notation of the year complete. The above date of the Memnonium corresponds with the forty-third year of the reign of Amon-me-Rameses, according to the writer's calculation.

In remarkable agreement with this, is the canicular epoch used among the astronomers of Persia, which recurred in the years B.C. 1136 and A.D. 325, at the interval of 1460 years. The elements of this epoch being strictly Egyptian, there cannot exist a doubt of its introduction from Egypt; and that the arms of Amon-me-Rameses extended into the Persian dominions, is indisputable, both from written and monumental history. It follows, that in the Persian canicular epoch B.C. 1136, we obtain a confirmation of the era of Rameses furnished by his sculptures, B.C. 1138, and that, comparing these results with the previously determined epoch of Mera, the chronology of the monumental line of Pharaohs supplied by the Tablet of Abydos, in correspondence with Manetho's eighteenth Diospolitan dynasty, is fixed on a firm astronomical basis; so that this line must have flourished from about the commencement of the fifteenth to that of the eleventh century B.C., or between the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, and the Jewish monarchy, in agreement with the testimony of Josephus and all original authorities, who uniformly refer the Exode to the reign of Amos, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty. The writer acknowledged his obligations, in this disquisition, to the work of the learned astronomer M. Biot, on the erratic Egyptian year, which has furnished hierologists with an accurate copy of the astronomical sculptures from the ceiling of the Memnonium.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 8.—Earl Stanhope, President, in the chair.—Dr. Ryan made some observations on the defects of the late edition of the Pharmacopœia of the London College of Physicians, and suggested the combination of the three British Colleges, so that one uniformity of system in the preparation of remedies should be adopted in the United Kingdom. This, it was stated, had been desired by the London College, but declined by those of Edinburgh and Dublin, partly on account of a vested power in the copyrights of these publications by the booksellers of those cities.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Feb. 6.—Earl de Grey, President, in the chair.—Messrs. Faraday and Greenhough were admitted Honorary Members, and W. R. Hamilton, Esq. was transferred from the class of Honorary Members to that of Honorary Fellows. The Royal Charter, recently granted at the solicitation of the President, was brought forward and presented to the members. Mr. Donaldson read an address from the Council on the

occasion, in which he congratulated the members on having received the charter of incorporation, which might be considered a proud era in the annals of the profession, which had now the gratification of being represented by a body duly constituted and sanctioned by the Government, and placed under the protection of the laws of the realm. Mr. Donaldson also read a memoir of the late Sir John Soane, with a review of his works and character as an artist.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—The first ordinary meeting of this Society took place at the rooms of the Royal Astronomical Society, on Thursday, January 26th, when an augmentation of more than fifty members since the general meeting, was announced. Edward Hawkins, Esq. F.R.S. &c. was called to the chair. Among the communications read was, one addressed by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H. to the president, on the farthings of Queen Anne. Among the objects for which the Society has been established may be enumerated, the promotion of the study of medallist history, in connexion with the rest of the contemporary antiquities of nations, from which the former has hitherto been too much separated, and many important illustrations of history, chronology, geography, mythology, art, and criticism, in most of its departments, which result from a comparison of the coins, and other inscriptions ascending to the eighth century before the christian era, consequently overlooked; to induce the collectors of coins and medals to come forward from their hiding places—many of the most extensive private collections being almost wholly unknown to the republic of antiquaries; to illustrate the history of the circulating media of nations, from the weighed shekels of Abraham, until the present age; and to afford to the collectors and the dealers reciprocally, opportunities of producing and viewing rare and important specimens, which, from the want of such a medium of communication, have hitherto been too often lost to the cause of learning and truth.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY. Oxford, Feb. 6.—Mr. Holme, of C.C.C., read a paper on the formation and habits of the British aquatic coleoptera, which are included in the sections *Hydradeplaga* and *Phillydrida* of Macleay, and exhibited specimens which showed the voracity of some species of the genus *Dytiscus*, and concluded by drawing the attention of the members to the question whether the mole cricket is able to swim, which Mr. Curtis thinks probable, from the resistance which the thorax and elytra offer to water. Mr. Duncan read a paper, in which he gave an outline of the progressive development of animals from their embryo to their perfect state, especially of the frog—of one species of which, the *Rana paradoxa*, he exhibited a specimen in the tadpole state, nearly transformed.

A discussion ensued, in which Dr. Buckland and other members took a part. Dr. Daubeny exhibited some specimens of *Lycopodium pallescens*, which revives and expands when placed in water.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society.....	Two P.M.
	Artists' Conversation .....	Eight.
	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight.
MON.	Statistical Society .....	Eight.
	Architectural Society .....	Eight.
	Civil Engineers .....	Eight.
TUES.	Linnean Society .....	Eight.
	Horticultural Society .....	Two.
	Geological Society .....	p. Eight.
WED.	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight.
	Society of Arts .....	Four.
	Royal Society .....	p. Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society of Literature .....	Four.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
FRI.	Royal Institution .....	p. Eight.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

## DURRY LANE.

This Evening, CINDERELLA; and THE PANTOMIME. Monday, PIZARRO (Holla, Mr. E. Forrest); and BLUE BEARD. Tuesday, THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH; and other Entertainments. Wednesday, No Performance.

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

On Monday, First time, a New Operatic Burletta, by Mrs. S. G. HALL, in Two Acts, entitled THE FRENCH REFUGEE; Characters by Mr. M. Barnett, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Saville, Mad. Sala, Miss J. Smith, and Miss Allison; after which THE ENCHANTED HOHN (Sir Hoon, Mr. Braham; Sirvaning, Mr. Harley; Weiss, Miss Rainforth); to conclude with THE QUAKER (Steady, Mr. Lefter; Solomon, Mr. Harley; Gideon, Miss Rainforth).

## VOCAL CONCERTS.

Under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. The FOURTH CONCERT will be at the Hanover-square Rooms, on MONDAY NEXT, the 20th Inst., when will be performed a SELECTION OF CLASSICAL MUSIC, including: Anthem, 'The King shall rejoice,' Handel; Scenes from Der Freischütz, Weber; 'Gloria,' from the 16th Mass, Haydn; Purcell's last Cantata; Glee by Webbe, Spofforth, Stephens, and Lord Mornington; and Madrigals by Wilbye and L. Marenzio. Mrs. Anderson will play a Concerto on the Pianoforte. Single admissions to these Concerts, Half-a-Guinea each, may be had of the Members of the Vocal Society. EDWARD TAYLOR, Sec.

**LYCEUM.—Opera Buffa.**—We were gratified, though not surprised, to see the crowded audience this day week assembled to assist at the revival of Mozart's 'Figaro.' The managers, we imagine, are repenting having deferred this to such a late period of their season—we hope that they will bear the fact in mind, and shape their proceedings accordingly in future years. We cannot but express our satisfaction at the style in which 'Le Nozze' was performed; the artists employed in it were obviously rather bent on doing justice to Mozart, than on displaying compass of voice or powers of execution—it is a rare thing, in these days, to hear an opera sung precisely as it is written; yet such was the case on Saturday. Signora Giannoni was very graceful and impassioned as the *Contessa*; she was *enored* both in 'Porgi amor,' and 'Dove sono,' and sustained her part in the concerted pieces with an ease and *aplomb*, which prove her either to be a sound musician, or to have been admirably trained on the present occasion. Blasis was arch and lively to a wish as *Susanna*—she narrowly escaped being called upon to repeat her 'Voi che sapete,' and was *enored* with Ronconi (*Il Conte*), in 'Cruel perche.' Miss Glossop, too, did her best with the little part of *Marcellina*. Miss Wyndham was less successful as the Page than she has hitherto been; she will presently learn, we hope, that to be at ease upon the stage does not of necessity imply being *familiar*: we should like her to show the world, that an English songstress can keep the golden mean between awkwardness and forwardness. Signor Bellini looks a very good *Figaro*, and acts with proper vivacity: he too sang his music carefully, and was *enored* in 'Non piu andrai.' We may say exactly as much of Signor Ronconi—and then add, that, if the powers of these gentlemen were not quite equal to their several parts, they are so much the worthier of praise for the agreeable impression they made on the audience. Signor Catone took the part of *Basilio*, and sung it, without either condescension or neglect—we have marked one to his credit for his thorough good taste on this occasion. In short, we have only further to express our regret that 'Le Nozze' cannot have an extended run. It is to be repeated tonight for the benefit of Madame Gannoni.

Mr. Forrest has returned to Drury Lane, and has been drawing good houses. The 'Mountain Sylph' and 'Cinderella' have also proved attractive; and, altogether, this Theatre has been doing "as well as could be expected" under the circumstances of its reduced prices. Whether these prices can support a National Theatre of the larger growth in such a manner as to enable it to produce its pieces with a becoming degree of splendour, remains to be proved; we fear not, but we must state, in justice to Mr. Bunn, that we have as yet perceived no attempt on his part to curtail the plays he has given of their fair proportions, or to introduce a penny-wise and pound-foolish system of economy into the scenic and decorative departments.

Covent Garden, during the temporary absence of Mr. Macready, has no tragedian of sufficient power to stand against Mr. Forrest at the other house, and the re-appearance of the former gentleman has therefore naturally become desirable for its health. Mr. Hamblin, who has returned from America after, we believe, some twelve years absence, came out in *Hamlet* on Monday, and was well received by the audience present. After so long an interval it may almost be considered as a first appearance, and consequently is entitled to the same allowance for embarrassment; making this, and making even more on account of indisposition, under which we fancied he was labouring, we must still express a fear that his *Hamlet* at all events will not prove attractive. He may make a stronger impression in some other character, and if so we shall feel great pleasure in reporting it. Mr. T. P. Cooke has been acting some

of his laborious sailor parts; but those which he has played are so old and so worn, that they have lost their magnetic power, and we therefore miss the audiences which used to follow him,

As needle faithful to the pole.

The Adelphi has produced this week a new burlesque called 'Douglas.' We were a little late on the first night, and only caught its tail upon the curtain falling, on which the audience, at least a portion of them, put forth certain marks of discontent. It proved, however, of a passing nature, for Mr. Reeve came on to give it out for repetition, and, having explained the causes of certain little hitches which seemed to have taken place in the performance, good-humour was restored, and nothing was heard but applause. We recommend the Adelphi visitors at all times to put unlimited confidence in Mr. Yates: he understands them better than they understand themselves; and when he manages they may go there, pay their money, sit down and safely prepare to laugh or weep (as the piece they are about to see may be marked "comic" or "serious" in the bills) without giving themselves the trouble of thinking.

At the Olympic since the first moment of the return of Mr. Liston, "the autocrat of all the" low-Comedians, the tide of mirth has flowed uninterruptedly. He has come back in capital health and spirits, and the nightly fullness of the house has shown unequivocally the delight of the Town at seeing this "Giant" of Comedy "refreshed."

## MISCELLANEA

**Euphrates Expedition.**—Letters have been received of a late date, and the following extracts are from the *Hampshire Telegraph*:—"After the loss of the *Tigris*, the *Euphrates* went on with the survey, and met with no serious impediment or accident until we arrived at Limlool. Here begin the marshes of that name, which extend forty-eight miles, and are very intricate, the main channel becoming narrow, sometimes not more than thirty-five feet wide, with extremely sharp turnings every two hundred yards: our wheels got very much damaged, and the vessel heavily strained. We thought ourselves fortunate in getting through this part as well as we did. Immediately below the marshes we had our first and only brush with the Arabs, who are a bad set here, and managed very soon to quarrel with us, in hopes of plundering the vessel; it ended in a short engagement with them, when four of them were killed; no one was hurt in the steamer. From the marshes downwards the river is very broad and deep, so that we arrived at Bussora on the 10th of June, two days after our fight. Finding no stores in that miserable hole, or even a plank for refitting, the Colonel decided on making what proved to be a most dangerous voyage to Bushire. The vessel rolled so much at sea, that she was in imminent danger of going over; but we managed to get safe in, and immediately commenced refitting, or rather rebuilding the upper works of our vessel, being assisted by the Honorable East India Company's cruisers, two of which vessels are generally lying here. During our stay here, the Bombay government sent up a fast-sailing vessel, laden with stores and provisions for us, which was a most welcome arrival, as we have not been living in a first-rate style; in fact, during the land transport several lives might have been saved, had we been provided with the common necessities of life. Having finished our refit, and unshipped the funnel, we were towed back to the river by the Company's *Elphinstone*, and arrived all safe at Passore on the 1st of September. We have since been seventy miles up the Karoon, which river was found to be, so far, easy navigation, with not less than six feet of water, this being the low season. On the 13th of September, the mail, which we have now on board, arrived at Mohamra, 120 miles below Bussora, where we were lying; and, as another and more important one is expected shortly by a steamer from India, the Colonel has decided to take this one up the Tigris river to Bagdad, so that we may return again to Hurna in time for the next one. The Expedition has, all along, been carried on with perfect harmony, notwithstanding the different professions which are mixed together.—September 19.—We this day arrived at Bagdad, having been very much delayed on the passage up for the want of fuel.

The upper half of this river is very bad, being full of shoals—Bagdad, the celebrated city of the Caliphs! is a dirty, ill-built town, with two or three rather pretty mosques, which show well from the river; the bazaars are better than at Aleppo, but Smyrna and Alexandria are far superior in everything; since the plague, the population is estimated at 25,000. The Colonel has received very good news from England, the ministers being well satisfied with our proceedings, and authorizing us to continue."

**Bonite.**—The following extracts are from a letter written on board the *Bonite*, dated Valparaiso.—"To-day (21st June) we are at Valparaiso; on the 25th of May we doubled Cape Horn, which is a Paradise for marine painters. Nature in this corner of the globe never ceases to be terrible and majestic; in the midst of her inaccessible horrors she seems to defy the pencil; and even her sky is more vivid than anywhere else. Imagine a solitude with such a sky, waters without sun! Nothing can be more monotonous were it not for the momentary intervals, during which the fog breaks, and through which the albatrosses and petrels drag their heavy and weary flight. \* \* Our friend E., in his character of Naturalist, or rather Marauder of the productions of nature, is unceasingly at work. He cuts, salts, skins, pickles, and tickets everything. I will answer for it that we shall be well provisioned, and the savans of France on our return will get us custom in Europe, for I take my share with my Mollusca and Crustacea, like a master. E. is indefatigable; his excursions inland at Valparaiso have been wonderfully productive; he possesses notes and geological proofs of the lifting up of the soil, which are almost incredible. \* \* We start to-morrow for Callao."

**Persoon.**—The learned botanist of the Cape of Good Hope, M. Persoon, is now no more; he died at Paris in a very advanced age, having lived there since he enjoyed a pension from his Government, which was granted to him on giving up his Herbarium to the Museum at Leyden. His works on Cryptogamea are excellent, and his *Enchiridium Botanicon* is one of the most useful works of its kind which have been published.

**Encyclopædia Metropolitana.**—In the discussions which have taken place in America, respecting Richardson's Dictionary, first published in the Encyclopædia, a writer, who avows himself to have been one of the original proprietors of that work, mentions in proof of its merit, that when the Encyclopædia was projected, Coleridge, to whom is ascribed the General Introduction or Preliminary Treatise on Method, sat in conclave with a committee, among whose members were some of the ablest and most scientific men that could be brought together in England, for the purpose of selecting persons, whom they should solicit to become coadjutors in that work. We may add another circumstance or two, relating to this Encyclopædia, not wholly uninteresting. The clerical portion of the committee referred to, were not members of the Church of England; when, however, the publishing firm, which had, single-handed, undertaken the work, became bankrupt, the property was purchased by a number of other booksellers, at the head of whom stood the late Mr. Mawman. Mr. Mawman plumed himself on his great connexions in the Church, and on the strength of these allies he determined to build a church edifice upon a dissenting foundation, and put forth his announcements boldly asserting that the 'Metropolitana' was the only Encyclopædia which had been hatched under the guardian wing of the English Church! He had reason to repent of this; many of the original subscribers were dissenters, and immediately withdrew their subscriptions; and it is a curious fact, we believe, that of all the contributors to the five first parts of the work, only two continued their co-operation, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Peter Barlow.

**Aloe.**—An aloe is now in flower in the Botanic Garden at Copenhagen, a rarity which has not been seen there since 1745. The stem of this plant is 18 feet high; it bears 22 branches and more than 3000 buds and flowers, the leaves cover a circumference of 26 feet.

**Bison.**—The great Bison of the Menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes is dead, at the age of twelve years; it was born in that place, of parents which came from North America.

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